

The Saturday Review



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[Early in December will be issued the FIRST ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT of the SATURDAY REVIEW. For further particulars see p. 554.]

NOTES.

M R. ARTHUR BALFOUR'S speech on commerce at the Cutlers' Feast on Thursday was very characteristic in its impartial good humour. He benignly complimented Free-traders and Fair-traders alike, smiling pleasantly on Sir Howard Vincent while assuring him that nobody who had thought out the subject accepted the policy of Fair-trade, and then turning to remind Mr. Mundella that, so far, the only two European countries that had adopted Free-trade were England and Turkey. He expressed a tepid optimism as to the invincibility of the British Navy, and announced as quite a new discovery that Germany spends money on scientific research "to an extent and degree absolutely unknown in this country."

And Mr. Balfour's more important speech at the meeting of the National Union of Conservative Associations at Rochdale was no less a disappointment to his admirers. It may be analysed in a dozen lines. It was no news that the Unionist party had succeeded in averting disintegration; or that its chief difficulty lay in the want of discipline incidental to a large majority; or that the policy of the Opposition, when formulated, would be an unreasonable policy from a Conservative point of view. The Liberals, he said, with a majority varying from 10 to 30, had passed seven Bills in twenty-two months; the Unionists, with a majority of 150, had passed five Bills in six months. The Education Bill of last Session was too comprehensive, and must be divided into several Bills in order to have a chance of passing. Our policy in the East he described in terms which sounded like a faint echo of Lord Salisbury's Guildhall speech; and then we were reminded that our responsibilities in Africa and in India were considerable. Very proper stuff, no doubt, for a party speech; what do we learn from it all? "Courage without caution is dangerous; caution without courage is contemptible." Surely a reminiscence of the headlines of the copybook!

Mr. Balfour's solitary approach to humour lay in the suggested bifurcation of Sir William Harcourt, which reminds us of Lord Randolph Churchill's far wittier picture of a House of Lords composed entirely of different manifestations of the scion of the Plantagenets. And so we are led to contrast these two members of the once famous "Fourth Party." If we had to describe them in a sentence, we should say that Lord Randolph Churchill was a man of genius, Mr. Balfour a man of talent at full stretch and highly polished. And the one was disliked, as much as the other is

liked, for his manner. Mr. Balfour has the charming urbanity which has before all things won him place and popularity. Lord Randolph Churchill had, at times, the worst manners conceivable. Yet he was capable, when he chose, of a high courtesy and an accurate sense, not only of his own dignity, but also of dignities. His demeanour in the presence of the Prince of Wales was eloquent of homage to superior rank, whereas Mr. Balfour is inclined to be as casual with the heir to the Throne as with a fellow-golfer. In fine, there is a sunny geniality about Mr. Balfour that wins us in spite of ourselves, although it can scarcely be compatible with any depth of feeling. There are none who may not bask in his amiability, save always Sir Albert K. Rollit and Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett.

Last week our contributor "X," whose dissertations on Arms and the Snob have certainly not spared the susceptibilities of some of our friends, pointed out that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had of late discarded a crest that never belonged to him and was using plain note-paper instead. This is, so far, true; but we believe it is not the whole of the truth. Although Mr. Chamberlain himself had no claim to the crest he displayed, we fancy that it was some other member of his family that was the real culprit. It is not so long since, in conversation at any rate, Mr. Chamberlain was wont to put his pride in the fact that his grandfather was a Wiltshire labourer at wages of seven shillings a week. We desire to do justice to Mr. Chamberlain in this matter, even though we sacrifice a point for our contributor.

What is the Government going to do for London in the next Session of Parliament? Much was expected when, in 1895, the metropolis helped to swell the Conservative majority. But up to the present these expectations have not been realized. Ireland has had her turn, the agricultural interest has not been forgotten, but London still waits. In the early days of 1898 we shall have another election for the County Council, and upon the result of that contest the prospects of the General Election that follows it must largely depend. What, then, is the prospect for the County Council election in 1898? What have the Conservatives, or, as they call themselves in Spring Gardens, the Moderates, done to strengthen their hold upon London, and, if possible, to diminish still further the Radical (Progressive) majority which they then reduced to its present very small dimensions? Not much, we fear. They have made a good deal of the Works Department scandal; but they would have made less of it if the Radicals had not (with the folly to be expected of a party led by "Professor" Stuart) endeavoured to make nothing of it at all. They have been jockeyed by the Radicals over the tramway busi-

ness, which is to-day in as great a muddle as it was seven years ago when the question of acquiring such properties in the interests of the ratepayers first came up. But what is more important, they are coming to be regarded as the enemies of reform in the administration of London's water supply.

Apparently the Moderates and Progressives on the Council are agreed as to (1) the purchase of the Water Companies, (2) their control by a public body, (3) their purchase on terms that provide no compensation for compulsory purchase. But on the question of which is to be the future Water authority they are hopelessly at variance. The Progressives want the Council to be the authority. The Moderates recognizing the difficulty of entrusting to Spring Gardens the control of the water supply of the extra-metropolitan water area in Surrey, Kent, Herts, and Middlesex, want a new authority to be created by Parliament. And here is a deadlock—unless Parliament will settle the dispute. A few of the more advanced Moderates (more particularly East End members) are disposed to compromise, to let the Council be the temporary authority, pending the constitution of a permanent one, rather than further delay a settlement of the question. But the majority of the Moderates will have no compromise. Perhaps this majority—certainly some of them—do not really favour the purchase of the Water Companies on any possible terms, although they are always prepared to support a scheme on terms they know to be impossible.

The old-fogy element in the London Municipal Society (Mr. Boulnois, Water Company director, treasurer, Sir Horace Farquhar, banker and company director, chairman) certainly do not hanker after purchase, and the participation of the Society in the recent meeting in the East End has been a source of no little trouble and irritation. But if the Conservative County Councillors stand in the way, if the Government supported by East London Unionist members (elected on pledges to reform the water supply) do not redeem the promise made by Mr. Balfour, at the time of the water famine in East London last summer, what is going to become of the East London seats—and the South London seats? What with drought in summer and frosts in winter, the East Londoner and the South Londoner see very little return for the water-rates that they are forced to pay in advance. Thanks to the extraordinary privileges that the Companies enjoy, there is no remedy against them; but if the present evil is not remedied, the aggrieved consumers will "take it out of the Government" on the first opportunity.

If London is not to be lost to the Moderate party at the next County Council election and to the Unionist party at the next Parliamentary election, London questions must occupy the attention of the Government, and Unionists on the County Council must give more heed to the representations of the go-ahead wing of their party and less to the old fogies. The unity of the Empire is a very important question at election time, but we want water all the year round.

Prince Bismarck has room for so many different kinds of ideas and reflections inside that spacious skull of his, and his long career as an autocrat has been so fatal to all notions of restraint upon speech, that it is no wonder he contradicts himself continually. No man has ever spoken so freely the thought of the moment, without concern as to how it would compare with the utterances of the previous day. In the course of his latest group of Vienna interviews, he professes to believe that he erred in burying himself in the country when he left office. He would have remained more tractable and contented, he thinks now, if he had taken a house in Berlin, and kept in close touch with politics, the theatres, and the active life of the capital, instead of retiring to a lonely and depressing solitude. But only a little time ago the ex-Chancellor was fairly wearying his guests with panegyrics on the charms of rural existence, and next month they may find him in the same pastoral mood once more.

A few years ago a statesman of European fame visited Bismarck at Friedrichsruh, and the two walked

together through the latter's plantation of exotic pines and firs, of which both were collectors. The visitor improved a lapse in the conversation about conifers to bring up the then recent topic of Boulanger. "Did Germany at the time really take him seriously?" he asked, "and what did you yourself think of the man?" The ex-Chancellor, apparently in all candour, replied that he knew very little of the subject. "It is true that I was in office at the time," he said, "but just then there was a kind of beetle which got in among these firs of mine, and was eating out the central shoots, and really that worried me so that I scarcely paid any attention at all to what Boulanger was doing."

One of the most interesting of recent developments in Irish politics has been occupying Irish attention for a fortnight, and has not been so much as mentioned in England. The group of twenty-five members which followed Mr. Tim Healy in his practical secession from the Dillon organization has heretofore occupied an indefinite position, holding aloof from the Irish party, yet not cutting itself loose. Now the definite step has been taken of starting a sustenance fund—the "People's Rights Fund" it is called—and in Ireland as elsewhere a fund means complete and even zealously guarded independence. Why it was not done long before it is not easy to see, since it was evident enough that the Dillon organization in Ireland, and even more so its squalid rump in Great Britain which Mr. T. P. O'Connor "bosses," depended for existence upon the fact that the Dillon clique had possession of the party treasury. The Healy party comes painfully near having a monopoly of the Anti-Parnellite brains in Ireland, and the result of two weeks' popular subscriptions indicates that it will soon lead in the matter of material resources as well. This will have a general importance for the reason that, whereas the Dillon party consist almost entirely of members unable to support themselves, and who divert to their own uses most of the money that comes into their "war chest," Mr. Healy's following contains only a very small minority of needy men, and the money he gets can be used for registration and other party purposes.

Twenty-five of the richest men in America dined together in New York two evenings after the election, upon the invitation of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who is credited with a desire to succeed Mr. Bayard at the Court of St. James, to do honour to Mr. Mark Hanna, who elected Mr. McKinley and is supposed to carry him safely in his pocket. It is a favourite idea in American journalism to give the aggregate of millions represented at a gathering of this nature, but in this case the total seems to have been beyond the reporters' powers of calculation. These millionaires, between congratulations over their victory, had room for fears as to the future, and they agreed to devote whatever sum should be needed forthwith to a systematic "education of the people," so that the interests of capital should never be so jeopardized again. We are reminded of the famous jibe about Rousseau's book: *The French Aristocrats*, it was said, smiled at the first edition: their skins went to bind the second.

The election of Mgr. Ormanian as the new Armenian Patriarch is chiefly interesting as regards the attitude which he will assume towards the Sultan. Last August, when Mgr. Bartolomeos became *locum tenens* of the Patriarchate, he addressed himself as follows to that "most puissant, majestic, and magnanimous Padishah": "Your humble servant, having retired from active life, had devoted his days to praying for Your Majesty, when, by election of the Provisional Mixed Council, and in virtue of an Iradé of Your Majesty, he was called upon to fill the office of *locum tenens* of the Patriarchate." Having at some length expressed his gratitude, Mgr. Bartolomeos added: "As all creatures and every living thing have need of the sun, so also the faithful Armenians who live under Your Majesty's high protection have need of Your benevolence. Your gracious favours will be a balm and restorative to them. . . . The Armenian subjects of Your Majesty have progressed and prospered in the shelter of Your Government. The throne of Your

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Majesty has been, and always will be, their refuge. They flee for safety to Your mighty and benevolent protection. Loyalty and sincerity have always guided their actions. It is impossible that I myself should deviate from this course. Should I succeed in gaining Your Majesty's goodwill, I should consider that I had won the greatest honour and greatest good-fortune of this and of a future world." The Sultan, on his part, promised that he would always continue to manifest his goodwill and solicitude towards his Armenian subjects; and, in token of his Majesty's appreciation of the eulogies of Mgr. Bartolomeos, that eminent Christian divine was forthwith invested with the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh, and—a few days later—several thousands of Armenians were massacred in the streets of Constantinople. Possibly the above-quoted reference to a future world may have caused some confusion in his Majesty's mind as to the nature of the "gracious favours" desired at his hands. But what now will Mgr. Ormanian say to the Commander of the Faithful?

Germany is not to monopolize the business of rival to England in shipping and shipbuilding. Italy means to have a look in, and she is encouraging her people to compete in these industries by a liberal use of the bounty system. A law passed this year arranges a scale of bounties which should bring joy and many lire to the Italian shipbuilder and shipowner. If the former builds a merchant vessel in an Italian yard the Government will give him a construction bounty of 77 lire per ton (gross tonnage) if the hull be of iron or steel, and 17·50 lire per ton if the hull be of wood. But the Government has a care for the national iron and steel industries also, and, therefore, makes it a condition of eligibility to the whole bounty that three-fourths of the material in the case of iron or steel hulls shall be of national origin; otherwise the bounty will be reduced by 10 per cent.; and there will be an additional reduction of 15 per cent. if the machinery and boilers are of foreign construction. But on machinery and boilers constructed in Italy for use in navigation bounties are awarded—on machines at the rate of 12·50 lire per horse-power, on boilers at the rate of 9·50 lire per quintal. So, also, there is a construction bounty of 11 lire per quintal on the auxiliary apparatus of vessels. So much for the shipbuilders. The navigation bounties are equally munificent. They are too complicated to detail here, but as a specimen of their quality may be mentioned a bounty of 80 centimes per ton of gross tonnage per 1,000 miles navigated for the first three years of the ship's age. In return for these navigation bounties the Government takes power to requisition the vessels in case of war, epidemics, or other extraordinary circumstances, and steam vessels in receipt of the bounties must carry gratis the letters and parcels of the Royal Mail.

As the case of India is a good deal to the fore just now, and as England is likely to be called upon for pecuniary sacrifices on behalf of her Possession, it will not be impertinent to remind ourselves of the fact that India is being yearly more and more swamped with foreign goods at the expense of our own. Revelations have already been published of the startling and huge strides which Belgian and German iron and steel manufacturers have made in the last ten years into the Indian market; and now the Bengal journal, "Capital," is calling attention to the scarcely less alarming progress effected in the past decade by the European exporters of woollen goods. During this period, it appears, shipments from the United Kingdom have fallen off some 9½ per cent.; but Austria's have been more than doubled, France's more than trebled, while those of our old familiar friend Germany have been multiplied by six. Still, Mr. Chamberlain assures us that we are holding our own very nicely against Germany. So that's all right. For part of Germany's increase we are referred to the establishment of direct lines of steamers between German and Indian ports, an explanation which is offered by the "Board of Trade Journal" as a consolation. We are grateful, of course; but it hasn't consoled us anything to speak of.

We are still waiting in vain for an announcement of the benefits which our diplomatists have been able to

secure for us in connexion with the promised opening up of China. The Russian agreement, providing for the carrying of the last stage of the Siberian railway across Chinese territory, is now no longer denied or doubted; and a French firm has secured the right to continue the Annam railway line across the Chinese frontier, via Chén-nan, to Lung-chau, and ultimately, no doubt, to Pe-se. This opens up the interior of Kwang-si to French trade, just as the projected Red River line to Lao-kai will open up Yunnan. But while France and Russia are thus attaining their long-cherished aims, we hear nothing of our getting any concessions on the Me-kong or the Salween. We fancy it is the old story: the Chinese make concessions to those whom they fear, while those who talk civilly are sent away with empty promises. Those who know China best have maintained for years that our representatives in Peking simply waste their breath, as the Chinese officials are convinced that we neither can nor will do anything to enforce our remonstrances. And our good friend Li Hung-chang is reported to be again in disgrace.

The rumour that Li Hung-chang is inclining to retire into private life represents a phase that is very likely to occur in the course of the political battles and intrigues that were certain to arise on his return. He is known to have been impressed by the evidences of wealth, industry and power which he witnessed during his tour, and to be keenly conscious of the leeway which China had to make up. Contact, after such experiences, with the ignorant obstructiveness of the Peking Boards might well dishearten a younger man. Chinamen are, however, not commonly impulsive, and it is too soon to suppose that he has made up his mind. No one knows better that China cannot be reformed by a rush; but he will be supported by the Empress Dowager in trying to inaugurate certain measures of progress. He is known to be bent, above all, on railways; and is believed to have, in that respect at least, the sympathy of the Emperor. There are evidences, too, that the railway question is being seriously considered. The difficulty will be to lift it out of the region of official peddling and peculation, and place it on a sound financial basis. Li will find very little help, even among his own *entourage*, in achieving that purpose. Sheng, who appears to have been made a sort of director-general, has the reputation of being one of the most unscrupulous as well as one of the ablest of his henchmen. It may be taken as a measure of his reputed wealth that he had to pay 10,000 taels "gate-money" when summoned the other day to Peking. Li himself is said to have to pay 30,000 taels each time that he enjoys the privilege of entering the capital.

The London magistrates seem anxious to lose no opportunity of bringing themselves and the system they represent into disrepute; and Mr. Newton, of the Marlborough Street police-court, takes the lead. Those who have not followed this gentleman's later career of folly and stupidity might possibly be amazed to read last week ("Times," Saturday, 14 November) that he had virtually laid it down as a principle of justice that the police may ill-treat a man as they please in the public streets and no one must interfere. A Mr. Searle, a solicitor and a gentleman of good character, found the police in the act of choking a man whom they declared, with no evidence to convince any one but a police-magistrate, to be drunk. Mr. Searle tried to loosen his scarf, whereupon our noble police charged him with a technical assault. Mr. Searle brought witnesses to prove that the man was black in the face and that he himself had tried to do nothing more than loosen the scarf; but Mr. Newton, according to the "Times" report, thus declared himself: "You brought all this upon yourself by an act of folly. You knew that your way, if you thought the police were doing wrong, was to complain to the Commissioner of Police."

Mr. Searle may call himself lucky; for there cannot be the slightest doubt that had the police chosen to say he was drunk, Mr. Newton would have believed them and inflicted a fine; but as they merely, in their mercy, accused him of interfering to prevent them achieving a

possible murder, he was let off with being bound over in £10 to keep the peace. All the same it is clearly his duty to call the attention of the Home Secretary to a decision even more monstrous than one by which Mr. Newton gained an unenviable notoriety only a few months since. But we have little hope that any Home Secretary will have the courage to dismiss a Metropolitan magistrate until a Prime Minister or a bishop is fined (on the unsupported evidence of the police) for being drunk and disorderly. In the meantime these magistrates should be treated by society precisely as other offenders against good taste are treated. Even Mr. Newton might be made to understand how his extravagant admiration of the police is regarded by the public.

The Sokoto expedition is likely to be a bigger thing than the officials of the Royal Niger Company like to acknowledge. Rabah, the Black Sultan, of whom we have heard rumours from time to time during the last few years, has been steadily making his way westward from the Egyptian Soudan, where he carved out an empire for himself out of the ruins of Zebehr's power. He has passed through Wadai, Bagirmi, and Bornu, crushing all opposition, and is now in the heart of Sokoto, where he appears to have joined hands with a usurper named Hayata, who has set up his throne at Belda. What makes the matter worse is that in at least two points in this Niger territory we are in acute controversy with the French authorities, who are not unnaturally suspected of helping our enemies with arms and ammunition. The German colony of Kamerun also borders on the disturbed district, and our trusty Teutonic allies are, of course, improving the opportunity of embroiling us with the French. These squabbles will be perpetual until France and England have the sense to come to an arrangement on the Niger.

Most people, we imagine, will be satisfied with the verdict given at the Westminster County Court against "the Honourable" Nigel Cumming Bruce, who was not ashamed to contest his wine bill, on the ground that, at the time he gave the order, he was seven days under age. It appeared that he had taken care to inform the wine-merchants that he was a son of Lord Thurlow and a nephew of Lord Elgin, and he had also induced them to supply him with a small quantity of wine at once on the plea that he was entertaining some friends that evening and that his cellar was empty. In the course of the seven days he obtained fifty pounds' worth of wine—chiefly champagne, forsooth—for which he paid not one penny, although he came into £750 on attaining his majority. The jury very properly found a verdict for the plaintiffs for the full amount of their claim, ignoring Mr. Bruce's opinion, as expressed by him in the witness-box, that wines were not a necessary, "except for medicinal reasons." Possibly Mr. Bruce will now find some other excellent excuse for evading payment of his debts.

Our attention has just been directed to the letters from Tourgénieff to Flaubert, which appeared in the October number of "Cosmopolis." They constitute the most interesting contribution to literature which we have read for many a day, and prove, if proof of the evident were needed, that the great creative writers are the best of critics. Here is what Tourgénieff wrote of Daudet when the "Nabab" first appeared: "What he has observed is splendidly rendered; but the imaginative part of the work is thin, uninteresting, and not even original." He declares that he pities Zola: "Yes; he makes me sorry for him; I'm afraid that he has never read Shakespeare—and that is a primary disability (*tache originelle*) which he'll never get rid of." And then he paints Edmond de Goncourt better than de Goncourt ever painted any one: "I found him in good health though thin, and always the same sombre eyes, piercing but not kindly" (*pas bons du tout*). But it is as a critic of life that Tourgénieff is seen at his best; he is just sixty years of age, he writes, and life has become merely personal, occupied mainly in warding off death; and this exaggeration of the personal factor, strange to say, deprives life of interest. Balzac and Tourgénieff, these are the two greatest of novel-writers.

THE L.C.C. SCANDAL.

THE worst feature about the County Council scandal of the week is not the mere fact that a number of the leading officials of an important public department have been discovered in a long drawn out and ingenious system of manipulating their accounts. That is bad enough in all conscience; but it is infinitely more ominous that this cooking of accounts was undertaken and carried on in the interests of one of the great sections into which the Council is divided, and had for its direct object the strengthening of that party in the constituencies and the perpetuation of its supremacy at Spring Gardens even when the scandal was dragged to light, the representatives of that party in the Council and in the Press united in declaring that it was a "mare's nest," and that, although possibly "these unfortunate officials" had "deviated from the paths of strict rectitude," they had been so "baited by the implacable enemies of the Department" that they had falsified their books lest the Department should be "discredited." We quote these phrases *verbatim* from the speeches and articles of the defenders of the Works Department and its methods in order that there may be no mistake about the position they have deliberately assumed. The dismissed officials are objects of pity because they have "worked for their side"; those who insist on throwing full light on the scandal are "disgraceful" persons, "vultures," and "wreckers" because the exposure will injure that side. These are the methods of Tammany reproduced to the very life: first manage to secure predominance on the governing body; then so manipulate the administrative departments in succession that each one becomes a stronghold, garrisoned by officials, pledged and bound, from the highest to the lowest, to support by fair means or foul the system to which they owe their existence. The Progressives made a wonderful beginning in their Works Department with its promise of plenty of jobs at high wages for working-class voters. They have now received a nasty check.

The evidence got by the Sub-Committee showed not only that deliberately false returns had been made to the Council, but that they had been concocted with the recklessness of men who feel themselves secure against inquiry. According to the accounts, more material, in both value and quantity, was sent away from Colney Hatch after the job there was finished than was ever charged to the job in the first instance! For example, there was no debit at all to the Colney Hatch job for "hard core"; yet 740 yards of hard core were represented to have been sent from Colney Hatch, and £74 was charged for them to a job at Bexley. Then the average price of timber debited to the Colney Hatch job was £8 per standard, and in no case exceeded £12 10s. per standard; but 83 standards of timber were transferred from Colney Hatch to Bexley and Lewisham at a uniform price of £14 per standard. It would be interesting to know who bought this timber—if it ever was bought—and what really was the actual cost. "By whose arrangement, or with whom, has this scheme of falsification arisen?" was very pertinently asked by Mr. Lyons of Mr. Dyson, who, according to Mr. Holloway, "wished to help the job all he could." Well, the Manager had told Mr. Dyson the cost must not exceed £19,500. Did Mr. Dyson understand the Manager to mean that it was not to exceed that amount by fair means or foul? Certainly he did. It was to be reduced by unfair or dishonest means? "Well, we don't look at it in that way," replied scrupulous Mr. Dyson. Yet in a single evening that individual admits having reduced the apparent cost of the Colney Hatch job from £22,730 to £20,220.

Of course the members of the professional purity party will protest vehemently against the bracketing of their names with what—after it is exposed—they call a "crazy system" of bookkeeping. When the second triennial term of the County Council was drawing to its close, the general discontent with the blundering and extravagance of the Progressive majority who had "captured the machine" began to shape itself into special hostility to the Works Department, then a new branch of the Council's work, but one which had

already signalized itself by two or three peculiarly costly pieces of incompetence. This Works Department was ostensibly established simply to undertake such jobs as could be better and more cheaply done by the Council direct than by the intervention of the contractor; but it soon became apparent that it was being used as a gigantic machine for "municipalizing labour"—in other words, for reducing the bulk of the working-class voters of the metropolis to a position of direct dependence on the Council. There would thus be created a subsidized brigade whose votes would be given in exchange for employment at high wages, or, as the "*Chronicle*" candidly put it on Wednesday, the Department was to be used as "an instrument for maintaining Trade-Union rates of wages." The disastrous folly of this piece of "municipalization" needs no exposition to those who have studied the Labour question; but the average voter must have concrete proof in such matters, and so the Moderate party two winters ago applied themselves to the task of proving by such figures as were accessible that the Works Department had already proved a costly failure. The utmost difficulty was found in obtaining complete evidence of this, owing to the unconcealed reluctance of the Department to publish full figures. Accounts were delayed till the last possible moment, and the charge was openly made by Moderate members that the officials of the Department gave them no assistance in their researches, but on the contrary threw obstacles in their way, regarding themselves in fact as servants of the Progressive majority rather than of the Council as a whole.

The election resulted, as we all know, in breaking the power of the Progressives among the electorate, although by their skilful and unscrupulous manipulation of the Aldermen they were able still to control a majority on the Council. It was evident that the next election would be decisive, and so each party set to work with a view to results in 1898. This is the time when the cooking of the accounts began. The Moderates would certainly win if the returns of the Works Department continued to be as bad in the future as they had been in the past; the Progressives hoped to win if they could prove that the results were a uniform and steady profit to the ratepayers. The biggest job on hand was at the moment turning out badly from the Progressive point of view, and the manager, "conscious," as the Committee's report puts it, "of impending loss," "instructed" the principal clerk "to make what transfers he could": and so, in the interests of the good cause, the work of falsification began. Payments were fictitiously transferred from one job to another; timber drawn from store was "over-priced" or "twice credited," wages were "wrongly charged," and so forth, until a sum of £3,334 3s. 9d., lost on the Colney Hatch job, was judiciously transferred and distributed so as to conceal the incompetence of the Department. All this, as we have seen, in the interests of the party which created the Department, and whose future at the polls depends on their being able to show or invent a profit on the work. The little Tammany experiment has been a failure, and has only brought exposure and ruin on its contrivers. And so Mr. John Burns talks of a "mare's nest," the "*Chronicle*" talks of the "scandalous" conduct of the Moderates, and Mr. Sidney Webb, the spiritual father of the municipalization idea, says nothing.

BISMARCK'S REVELATIONS AND THE REICHSTAG

THE German Reichstag can, upon occasion, be a very interesting body. Except for a half-dozen newspapers and periodicals, the editors of which write while listening for the policeman's feet on the stairs, it affords the only medium for the expression of discontent in the Empire. There is a multitude of minor legislative Diets and Assemblies in Germany, it is true; but they are for the most part packed with devoted servants and hangers-on of the small Courts, and in the few cases where the Opposition is strong enough to make itself heard reports of what is said never reach the outer world. The Reichstag is the only place in which the Imperial Administration ever encounters effective popular criticism, or is forced into the position of

recognizing that its bureaucracy is not altogether absolute. As German Ministers do not resign when they are defeated in Parliament, the embarrassments which a hostile Reichstag can impose upon the Government are rather academic than practical. If supplies are refused, some way is always found by the departments to raise the money indirectly; and, if a certain proportion of the Government's legislative projects fails each Session, it is generally because the Ministers themselves, or the unofficial favourites who stand between them and the Emperor, were not united in their support.

Debates in the Reichstag have, however, an importance of their own. For many years this was the forum whence Bismarck periodically spoke weighty words, which all Europe waited nervously to hear. The almost annual discussions of Bills for the increase of the German army used to provide the other Powers with a week's anxious excitement, none the less keen each time because experience had shown that the Government would certainly have its own way. We have fallen now upon less sensational days. Neither Count Caprivi nor Prince Hohenlohe has had Bismarck's passion for making other nations' flesh creep, or, for that matter, Bismarck's keen delight in a domestic wrangle. The old familiar scenes of a field-day in the Reichstag, with the Chancellor at bay, his towering form a-quiver with excitement, his broad face purple with rage, hurling threats, denials, revelations, falsehoods, recriminations—whatever came uppermost on his angry tongue—at the yelping groups of the Freisinnige and Centre and Socialist persecutors about him, came to an abrupt end in 1890. Count Caprivi never once had occasion to raise his smooth, conciliatory voice above its accustomed level in the Reichstag. From his opening speech as Chancellor, when for the first time all parties in the House heard themselves invited to consider the Government as their ally and co-operator for the general good, to his last appearance, his Parliamentary experiences were unenlivened by a single outbreak of temper on either side. Prince Hohenlohe has been almost equally fortunate. Doubtless in each case an explanation is to be found in the amiable and non-combative personality of the Chancellor; but there is the further reason that the foreign policy of the Empire is known to be nowadays in the hands of the Emperor himself, and it is impossible to be rude to the courteous and urbane Minister who comes merely to expound or defend this policy at second hand.

Thus on Monday the Reichstag listened with marked politeness to the explanations of the Chancellor, and of his *adlatus*, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, and in the debate which followed their speeches displayed not the slightest tendency to personal attack upon them. As for their utterances, nobody is a whit the wiser—save, perhaps, for the confirmation they give to the suspicion that the Government is afraid of Bismarck and his friends. Both speakers made it apparent that in their eyes the domestic aspect of the question is even more important than its international side. It is extremely difficult to get a Government majority together in the Reichstag without counting the solid hundred of the Clerical party. It might be done if the National Liberals and the less Radical branch of the broken Freisinnige party could be gathered in with the various groups of Conservative members. But there are many devoted Bismarckians among these various factions, and any definite attack upon the shouting sage of Friedrichsruh, by alienating them, must necessarily force the Government back to its reluctant reliance upon the Catholic Centre. The German people, as a whole, are more predominantly Protestant to-day than they were twenty-five years ago, and the spectacle of a coherent and ably-led Catholic party holding the balance of power in Parliament, and extorting terms from the Government as the price of legislation, grows increasingly distasteful to the majority. It was the knowledge of this fact which restrained both the Ministerial comment and the subsequent debate on the "Hamburg revelations." Furthermore, there is a general consciousness in Germany that the foreign policy of the Empire is in a very delicate condition, and this was reflected in the comparative reticence of all parties in the Reichstag.

But if the Reichstag can no longer bait Chancellors

and hunt its Foreign Office to bay, it has found a new sport almost equally attractive. The chosen game now is the Prussian Minister of War, who is to all intents an Imperial Minister. Five eminent military men have held this post during the present reign, and four have been driven out of it by their failure to get on with Parliament. Of these the most distinguished, General Verdy du Vernois, erred on the side of over-friendliness, and out of sheer affability confided to the Reichstag so much more of the Government's military intentions than the Emperor considered desirable, that he was relieved of his office. His successors, General Kaltenborn and the younger Bronsart von Schellendorf, were literally shelled out of their positions by the persistent cross-fire from the circling benches of the Reichstag. The present incumbent, General von Gossler, seems likely, from this week's performances, to have a briefer and more inglorious official career before him than any of his predecessors. The abuse of militarism presses very obtrusively on the German public. It is thrust upon them in the streets, on the railways, in theatres and beer-halls, and everywhere else. The grave necessities of the Empire, wedged in between powerful enemies as it is, have accustomed them to tolerate much from the officer class which neither the Italian nor the Frenchman would bear for a moment, to say nothing of the Englishman. As is but natural, the younger generation of German officers misapprehend this patience of the civilian, and presume upon it, until to-day in garrison towns hatred of the sword-bearing gentry is perhaps the keenest of all popular emotions. This has given immense impetus to the agitation against the *duello* as an item of military etiquette; and when an incident arises like that of Lieutenant von Brusewitz's coolly chasing and killing a civilian for a merely verbal offence, it is inevitable that the Reichstag should boil over with excitement on the whole question of military pretensions. The fact that the Emperor has gone out of his way to identify himself with the swaggering offenders, and only the other day declared, as if referring to this very episode, that "whoever insults the King's uniform thereby insults the King," gives a personal zest to demonstrations against the abuse. Upon no other question could Herr Bebel have managed to call the Emperor "the greatest of fools," and not only have kept within the limits of parliamentary license, but carried with him so large a majority of the German people outside.

THE SNOBBERY OF IT.

III.

THE "Daily Chronicle," which has been good enough to give my articles considerable advertisement, rather misses my point, which is that the use of arms should be *dropped* unless a legal right exists. But, if people will use arms or crest to advertise that they belong to an arms-bearing family, they should use genuine arms which have their own meaning, rather than display arms belonging to other people.

But to resume, I take up my story in what is now almost ancient history. An ironmaster of the name of Botfield lived and flourished in the Midlands in the early half of this century. He flourished amazingly. When the Income-tax was levied for the first time the forms sent to him to be filled up were returned made out for an annual income of £20,000. The collector, knowing that Mr. Botfield was entirely a self-made man, formed the conclusion that Mr. Botfield had returned his capital in lieu of his income. He sent a note asking Mr. Botfield kindly to read through the instructions carefully again and fill up a second form. Mr. Botfield sent the form back filled up for £100,000 per annum, with the message that he was — if he thought he was making much more. But that is by the way. Mr. Botfield ascertained that the ancient surname of the Marquess of Bath's family was "Boteville," and, being bitten with a desire for a pedigree, he wrote to Lord Bath asking if he could afford any assistance in his researches. His lordship was wise in his generation, and suggested that Mr. Botfield should pay him a visit, and when doing so go through all the family papers. The ironmaster did this, and persuaded himself that he was a scion

of the Boteville family, and promptly assumed Lord Bath's coat-of-arms. The result of the complaisance of his lordship was a very large share in the ironmaster's fortune, which share is now enjoyed by the younger members of the Bath family. But the other principal legatee was required to take the name and arms of Botfield. And on endeavouring to prove the testator's right to arms he found that, instead of being entitled to Lord Bath's arms, he possessed no arms at all.

John Gordon Swift MacNeill, member of Parliament and Q.C., I believe not long since published an account of the Irish Peerage. His own claim to hereditary honour apparently consists of the escutcheon opposite his name in "Debrett's House of Commons." I have recently made inquiry in the Irish Office of Arms, in Dublin, and learn that they know of no right of Mr. Swift MacNeill to this escutcheon. Mr. Justin McCarthy has established no right to the arms given as his in Debrett. Mr. Arthur Pease is not content with the arms and crest to which his right is, I believe, unquestioned; but a quartering for Gurney distinguishes him from the others of his name in Debrett; but the right to it is not yet proved or admitted. Does Mr. Patrick Joseph O'Brien, Nationalist member of Parliament, really use the baronet's badge that Debrett assigns to him? I doubt it. He can have but little affection for the colony of Ulster. Still, he must be aware that he has no right to the arms of Sir T. C. O'Brien, the cricketer, even with the altered crest. I can find no authority for the arms of Mr. Darling, M.P. and Q.C., which latter distinction, by the way, Debrett omits to credit him with: nor can I for the arms attributed in Debrett to Mr. A. F. Godson, M.P. for Kidderminster.

Major Rasch, M.P., is another that I regret to see figuring with the Baronet's badge of Ulster on his shield, and with arms for which he has established no right. I am not criticizing the book "Debrett's House of Commons," particularly as in the preface to the 1896 edition of the book the editor disclaims the responsibility for the arms.

Truth, I know, is found at the "bottom of a well" as well as in its habitation in Carteret Street; but the bottom of a whelk-shell is the last spot I should have thought of as a place from which could be imbibed news or foreign telegrams. The crest attributed to the Walter family—proprietors of the "Times"—in "Burke's Landed Gentry" is "a stork proper drinking out of a whelk shell or," and the Walter family is traced back to Richard Walter, citizen of London, who died in 1721. The arms attributed to them by Burke and the crest I have quoted were confirmed and allowed in 1620 at the Visitation of the county of Devon to Henry Walter, of Ashburie, in that county. Now the particular news and truth that I am at the moment desirous of obtaining is this. What connexion, if any, exists between Henry Walter, of Ashburie, and Richard Walter, citizen of London? At present I know and can learn of none. Were the creature an ostrich in lieu of a stork, one would be tempted to suggest that it should put its head a little further down into the whelk-shell and hide it.

X.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

WHEN the first returns of the Presidential election came in, Republican organs exultingly proclaimed a "land-slide," which is the term now accepted in the political vocabulary for a complete and unexpected rush of the electorate to one side, such as took place at your last election when a Liberal majority of thirty was changed into a Conservative majority of a hundred and fifty, or in the last Congressional election in the United States when a great majority for one party was suddenly changed into a great majority for the other. Later returns, however, transferring to Bryan's column some States, which had before been set down to McKinley, or reported as doubtful, show that the contest was closer than was at first supposed, and that, though Bryan is certainly defeated, a land-slide can hardly be said to have occurred.

The defeat, however, so far as this Bryanite combination is concerned, may be regarded as decisive. The

elements of the combination are too heterogeneous to be held together by anything but victory. The owners of silver mines only wished to force their article on the nation at a price double its value. They have no connexion or sympathy with Populists or Socialists; indeed one of the chief of them backed out when he saw into what company he had fallen. The Western farmer, though indebted and discontented, is a property-holder and no Socialist. The Southern white seeks the shelter of the Democratic organization against the negro, and, if he is a poor white, would not object to extreme measures of relief, but has no Socialistic dreams. The Bryanite combination was a vast cave of Adullam, including all the discontented and all who wanted a new deal. Its inmates would have made wild work had they got into power together; but there is nothing apparently to rally them under defeat, they have no really powerful leader. Bryan has shown a preternatural faculty of declamation, and has the advantage of comparative youth. Nevertheless he is probably a spent rocket. Altgeld, who is intellectually stronger and more dangerous than Bryan, has been defeated in his own State and in the centre of his influence. Bryan narrowly escaped the same fate.

If it cannot be said that either the "solid South" or the solid West has been actually broken, McKinley seems in both to have polled so large a vote that all fears of secession or disruption, if any such were seriously entertained, must be at an end. For my part I never expected anything of the kind. The West has been too much peopled from the East, besides being commercially bound up with it, and attachment to the country and the flag is too deeply rooted in the Western people. As to the South, it has had enough of secession. Nevertheless a new element has come into American politics and has come probably to stay. It is the element of social revolution represented by Governor Altgeld, whose political character, familiar enough to Europe, has been hitherto unfamiliar to the United States. Socialism made no way in America while every one who was willing to labour was not only sure of making his bread but had a fair chance of becoming rich. That time is past, and Socialism, or at least hatred of the rich and a desire of levelling conditions, has been gaining ground. European Socialism has sent over emigrants charged with its doctrines as well as the writings of its apostles. To array the masses against the classes is the aim of Governor Altgeld as it was that of Mr. Gladstone. This is the strongest and most pervasive element in the Bryanite combination. Nor is it likely to be extinguished by defeat. Its sources will grow with the number of those who are hopeless of rising in life.

We must bear in mind, also, that there were real causes for this popular insurrection, as it may be truly called, in the commercial scandals which might well make the people think that commerce was in dishonest hands, in the corrupt influence of commercial bodies in national legislation, municipal corruption, the monopolizing tyranny of trusts, and the oppressive rapacity of loan and mortgage companies; to which may be added the invidious luxury of too many of the rich and their neglect of social duty. Other grievances were Protectionism and the monstrous Pension List, which is believed to have been at bottom the work, not so much of the army, as of the Protectionists who wanted to bale out the surplus and prevent a reduction of the tariff. Had the insurgents confined themselves to the redress of indisputable wrongs instead of attacking the currency, the national credit, and the right of the Federal Government to uphold order against destructive anarchy, they would have been entitled to considerable sympathy, though no sane man would have desired to see the Commonwealth in such hands.

What will now become of the two party organizations, one of which was shattered at Chicago? Will the Gold Democrats be able to put the party together again and recover its organization? This, as well as the diversion of Democratic votes from Bryan, was their aim in putting a candidate of their own into the field. But it is difficult to see how they can succeed. The Democratic party in the later period of its history was the party of Slavery and of State right as the bulwark of Slavery against Abolition. Combined in it with the

planter aristocracy of the South were the plutocracy of the North, which, besides its class sympathy, was to a great extent the mortgagee of Slavery, and a host of political camp-followers of the lower class, above all the Irish. Slavery being dead, the party has no apparent bond of cohesion unless it be Free-trade, which is not a clear line of division, some Democrats being Protectionists, while some Republicans are Free-traders. The camp-followers and the ruling part of Tammany, the fell Democratic organization of New York, have gone over to the party of Bryan and Altgeld—the "Popocratic" party, as it is grotesquely called. The fact is that in the United States, as elsewhere, party is in a state of disintegration, and it is time that the world should begin to look out for some other foundation for government.

McKinley was nominated undoubtedly as the champion of high Protection, to which the people superstitiously ascribed their former prosperity, while they with equally little reason ascribed the suffering consequent on the financial crisis, not to commercial mismanagement and dishonesty, or to the fall in the value of farm products, but to Free-trade. It is certain also that, in continuing to make Protectionism a prominent plank in their platform, though secondary to the currency, the Republican leaders were actuated by a belief in the attachment of the people to the system. Yet I think there is good reason for believing that there will not be a return to the McKinley tariff. Something must, of course, be done to equalize revenue with expenditure. But I am led to expect readjustment for the purpose of revenue rather than a renewal of the high duties for the purpose of Protection.

The Bryanites are venomously anti-British. They harped with all their might upon that string, constantly coupling in their denunciations the name of Great Britain with that of Gold. A precious example of this was seen in the tract called "Coin," which they circulated in enormous numbers, and which was itself enough, by its character, to damn their cause. It is in such quarters that Anglophobia continues to reign. In the better class of Americans it is almost extinct or is kept alive only by Protectionism. I have just returned from the celebration of the sesquicentennial festival of Princeton University. There, when President Patton expressed his fervent desire for the continuance of peace and goodwill between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, the audience, which must have numbered between two and three thousand, and was by no means wholly academical, responded with a hearty and emphatic cheer. When an appeal was made to the same sentiment at the banquet, the company with one accord rose and cheered.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

I HAVE never concealed my opinion that the New English Art Club is the only exhibiting society for whose conduct of their exhibitions it is possible to have much respect. That respect is tempered by reserves, for the constitution of the club, semi-democratic as it is in appearance, is not much more likely to work well than that of the others. But when I consider that for eight years or so it has kept *alive*—that is to say, has gone on shedding "important" members, offending, "valuable" friends, bettering its taste, making mistakes and retrieving them, disgusting the public and its nurses, squandering generously its chances of an easy life, and showing us always one or two good pictures—I overlook its superficial pretence of being a popularly constituted body, and greet it for what it is, an effective oligarchy, a narrow clique in which a number of shifting and mutually hostile talents has circled round one or two fixed points. The important fixed points in my view, besides the devotion to its affairs of the Club's Secretary, Mr. Bate, have been the critical capacity of Mr. Walter Sickert, and the genius for painting of Mr. Steer. I must ask my readers, by the way, to have the goodness to discount from the first the fact that I have myself been an exhibitor on these walls, and to reckon it as much to my discredit as they think just that I send to the exhibition I like best, and continue to admire other exhibitors. Perhaps it is as valuable a pledge of good faith in a critic to risk

giving himself away by exhibiting as it would be to abstain from trying to learn to paint.

As I enter the seventeenth exhibition of the Club I cannot help wondering whether it ever occurs to the gentlemen who employ well-established reputations as a means of keeping youth at bay, that there must come too soon a time when the stage will be empty of the figures they have taught themselves to believe they admire, and behind whom they screen the eternal timidity of the critic without conviction. What do they propose to do then? They cannot for ever live upon the belated sympathy they display for the neglected youth of the Preraphaelites, but never a suspicion seems to cross them that their present dislike and distrust point to a future when a reversal of the same kind must come about. When the tale of work of Puvis and Legros, of Whistler and Degas, of Watts and Burne-Jones and Manet is unhappily completed, will the *volte-face* not be a little sudden? Would it not be prudent to cast about for their successors while there is time? I do not pretend that the prospect for our generation is a very hopeful one. Art, for the moment, is not, to use the alarmingly ample phrase of a prolific race, "in the family way." No troop cometh. He would be a bold man, moreover, who attempted to forecast the comparative stature of his contemporaries when time shall have put them in their place. But I do contend for the recognition of the really authentic talents, and I cannot but think that a generous warmth becomes the critic better than grudging caution, even if posterity should ratify his judgment in cooler terms. I know that this is against all the rules, that the English version of the Decalogue runs, Thou mayest commit theft, perjury, adultery, and all the rest, but Thou shalt not commit *thyself*. Did we not hear the other day the gentle sob of relief that went up when the Academicians elected as their President a man who is as little as may be a painter, with a feeling that Art was safe so long as a cultivated gentleman, who at bottom must surely dislike it, was appointed to look after its conduct? I can understand the desire of the Academy to exclude its own most popular painters from that post, and were I an Academician, and Watts or Orchardson were impossible, should doubtless have joined the approving murmur about "scholarly" painting; but there seems no sufficient reason for this display of "tact" outside.

No; the time is near when our critics will have to rub their eyes and recognize the proportions of things with something of a jerk. Understand: it is not a question of sauntering into a minor exhibition and debating which is the funniest of these young men; five years ago it was possible to do that without making too obvious a fool of oneself. It is not even a question of allowing Steer a place in the hushed admiration with which you name the Briton Rivieres, the Dicksees, the Richmonds. In another generation few will have any but a faint interest in these gentlemen, whose "nice" feelings have found in paint an ungrateful medium of expression. Nor is it, if you will believe me, any more a question of begging for a place among the Solomons, the Hackers, the Bramleys, whom you fondly believe to be the new generation knocking at the door. They are only the same thing as the others, except that their feelings are less nice and cultivated, their painting more vulgar. It is not even a question of English reputation. The case is this: that in Europe at this moment there are but few authentic talents among the younger men; that in France the great wells of inspiration are running dry, and the eyes of that country are turning this way in a sort of impotent dilettante interval, and that in Steer we English possess a man to whom in his measure the real painter's gift has been allotted. Our time, whose energy runs to science, to engineering, to exploration and commerce, produces only one or two real painter's talents in a generation, and maims these; but Steer's is one of them.

It is rather beside the mark, therefore, to treat this man with the bored critical small talk that fits the crowd of cultivated imitators, with nothing of their own to give us; to think that when a superficial likeness has been discovered between his "Nude" at the New English and the "Olympia" of Manet, the important thing has been said. They must have blunt eyes who think its form and colour the feast like the character of

form and colour in that picture, and they must have an oddly limited knowledge of the history of art who think the general affiliation in conception and pose of Steer's Nude to Manet's anything but what has always happened where painting was going on. The Greek sculptor or vase-painter, the architects and designers of all time—Titian when he painted nude women in the steps of Giorgione, every artist who has known his business, has taken his forerunner's picture and gently given it his own turn, knowing how small a part the individual plays in the general framework of invention. As to this particular picture, I have seen Steers that I liked better: there was a study for a nude in the exhibition organized by Mr. Fry at Cambridge the other day that I liked twice as well; but I see how this must naturally have come about as the end of one set of efforts to treat the subject, and I do not quarrel with it because it is not a gravely poetic or a grand treatment, but is run in another mould. There it is; the curtains pompously withdrawn from the captivating little doll, all vanity and gleaming flesh. Washerwomen, I am given to understand, are discontented with the tone of the sheets; but you cannot have *éclat* in everything, and *éclat* here is reserved for the woman.

In the same exhibition at Cambridge of which I have spoken, two other men were well represented who have the like authentic spring in their work, and who will count in their generation. One of them, unfortunately, does not exhibit at the New English—Charles Shannon. In a day of insignificant photographic rubbish, when the meaning of drawing has been almost forgotten, he will be remembered as a draughtsman. Mr. Conder shows two pictures, one old and more complete of its kind, the other new and of a finer order. Between two authentic painters there could hardly be a greater difference than between Conder and Steer. For the second a picture takes its rise almost accidentally in the presence of things. Not by forethought or planning, but by coming upon something in nature does he begin; the picture swims up half stupidly, and conscious ideas of style intervene later, to disentangle and prune what has been seen. The other is preoccupied with style and invention; he is sure of the sentiment he means to impose on what he makes, and natural effect, vivid only in the traits with which memory and invention were concerned, is thrown upon the vague of a dream. It is a difference of order in temperament and habit of construction that leaves its traces, and gives us to choose between the charm of the wistful heart that "moulds things nearer" to its desire, and that other charm only to be surprised by the open, outward-looking eye. In Steer the sap of life speaks with something of the sharp crudity of its real appeal, and sets the mind ranging for exploration and the joy of the open day. In a Conder the dream wanders out and in, and before this lady under the tree we begin to think about the old tree and the old garden, and the education of woman, how the serpent has taught her to dress, and of the apple offered still, only green.

I must wait for another occasion to speak of the remaining painters here; these two seem to me the most unmistakably endowed. I must add, however, that by an act gracious alike in the young Society inviting and the veteran accepting, M. Legros is this winter the honoured guest of the Club. The presence of his landscapes and drawings is like the presence in some youthful party full of the gaiety and untried joys of life of a sombre venerable face, worn to the rock. On its features the burden of life, coming painfully into the world, and going tragically out, is laid beyond lifting, and the folded hands have taken the mould of well-accustomed instruments, injured to many a greeting, pledge and heavy parting. Such a figure seems to enter the assembly in the person of this artist. He is no flirt, to sentimentalize labour for a summer holiday, in lodgings rented cheaply from J. F. Millet by the month. Pity and awe are a part of his very eyesight; under a heaven of iron and sulphur he sees a beaten people escaping or holding out, and listens for the threat and clatter of the snub-nosed Horseman who rides up with the storm.

When our time has been dusted away, when Fame strikes up those surprising dirges, those mocking

charivari on her trumpet, at whose sound her spoiled puppets shrink within their hasty monuments, it will appear that a Master lived among us, and in a day of fretful illustrators had taken up his place where beyond these process-blocks there is—drawing. D. S. M.

LAMOUREUX AND CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS

EVIDENTLY Lamoureux has learnt that brevity is the soul of programme. In appearance he has not aged since he was here in the spring, but he has acquired the trick of concocting programmes calculated to please such an average British philistine as myself. It is a shameful confession to make, but the truth is I cannot go to a concert without a sneaking desire to enjoy myself; and so partial and biased a critic am I that I estimate every concert according to the degree of enjoyment it has afforded me. There are critics who go solemnly to judge, to weigh, all they hear; who listen with the same careful lack of attention to a piece by Sullivan as they do to an inspired piece by Wagner or Mozart; who thank the concert-giver for producing both pieces, and end the evening by going to their offices and discussing the merits of the Sullivan piece and the defects of the Wagner or Mozart piece in precisely the same tone of voice, so to say, so that any one without inside knowledge might think they set Sullivan above Mozart and Wagner. To this impartiality I cannot rise; in my irresistible desire to hear fine sentiments from the concert-platform I am as frankly a philistine as any galleryite at the transpontine drama; I applaud the conductor who gives me the music of Beethoven and Wagner and Mozart, and scornfully hiss at those who play baser stuff, just as the transpontine galleryite hisses the villain and applauds wildly when the hero (at fifteen shillings a week) shouts "I am a true-born Briton and will never, never be a slave"; and if I cannot hear fine sentiments, then I want my ears nicely tickled (though I draw the line at having my head blown off). Lamoureux's programme on Monday night, what there was of it, was interesting, containing only one piece warranted to bore the toughest journalist; and it was so short that it was over ere approaching exhaustion began to cast its shadow of disappointment before. The concert was, in fact, quite the most delightful it has been my luck to attend for some time, though there was hardly a piece played as it seems to me it might and ought to be played, unless indeed it was the Berlioz overture "*Carnaval Romain*." This went with a vivacity, clearness and delicate brilliancy that might have raised Berlioz out of his grave to call Lamoureux and his men blessed. But in the playing of the Beethoven symphony I found the same defects as when Lamoureux first came here. That curious want of richness, of resonance, following from every detail being excessively polished, added to a very showy and unemotional reading of the first two movements, would have proved wearisome but for the immense intelligence and technical skill with which the whole thing was carried out. The scherzo was much too Parisian for a "merry meeting of country folk," but it must be owned that the storm came off wonderfully and luckily, not a point missing its effect, from the first distant rumble and the chill sense of coming rain to the final upward run of flute which Sir George Grove, who is probably right, declares depicts the first strip of blue sky. The "symphonic prelude to Part III. of the '*Redemption*'" by Cesar Franck, which followed, turned out to be a tedious bit of schoolmaster's music. It was a curious notion to place Wagner's later "*Venusberg music*" next to this; but at least the juxtaposition had the effect of making the reading of Wagner sound rather more rowdy and passionately impetuous than it really was. It is an expression of elderly uxoriousness for which I have no liking, for even I desire a certain minimum of decency in the concert-room; but if it is to be played at all, let it be done so as to carry one helplessly heavenward with the excitement of it. There was no real passion in Lamoureux's playing of it; and again one felt the want of body of tone. When I first explained the reason of this a number of my friends smiled the superior smile of those who don't know, although a celebrated German

conductor approved of what those who disagreed with me called my theory, but was really the knowledge acquired during long practice, and tried to get greater fulness by allowing his men to play very carelessly indeed at his next concert. But I fancy that after the "*Tannhäuser*" music the other night every one must see the force and relevancy of my dictum, that an orchestral virtuoso as well as any other virtuoso may over-practise. Lamoureux is a virtuoso, and in many respects a very fine virtuoso, one who is well worth hearing, especially when, as this afternoon, he has an ideal programme. In this age of impressionism, slapdash, and love of broad general effect, it is not at all a bad thing that a Lamoureux should occasionally come along and by his gift for sand-papering and polishing every detail to an astounding degree of perfection reveal certain aspects of the masterworks, aspects of which we had nearly forgotten the very existence; but it is idle to pretend that he gets the wealth of gorgeous effect, the magnificent openness and breadth, of a Mottl or a Richter, though he may get some results they cannot get. At any rate, his programmes are models which should be followed by numerous other concert-givers who make life a terror to critics. But, by the way, the gentleman who annotates his programmes needs keeping in order. He should be made to understand the bad taste of working off his little private animosities, even against anonymous writers in the *Quarterlies*, in the programmes he analyses.

One can grudge neither the busy little Chaminade her recent show at the Crystal Palace nor the Palace Company the cash that her presence drew into their coffers; but it was scarcely necessary to go to Sydenham and sit out the function. We all know how the Chaminade ceases not by day nor yet by night to spin a web of pretty music without an original or striking or ugly bar in it; and we can wish her well in her labour without any fervent desire to enjoy the fruits of it. But last Saturday's concert was a much more important one. Schubert's Unfinished symphony alone should serve to fill the Palace concert-room; and in addition to this there was Wotan's Farewell to allure the musical and Frederic Cliffe's new violin concerto and Vincent d'Indy's symphonic legend "*The Enchanted Forest*" to attract the curious. The last is not at all a bad piece of work—much better, certainly, than any of Vincent d'Indy's later stuff. It was written in the composer's early days, and has Wagner stamped on it in large capitals; but for all that there is a great deal of Vincent d'Indy in it as well. The story, as a story, is blatantly idiotic and the fact of the composer having chosen it for "musical illustration" shows his true date to be 1830 or thereabouts, and explains the singular lack of life in his later work. He is a romantic or neo-romantic; unmistakably his sympathies go out to moonshine and elves, gloomy forests and brooks and waterfalls; and when he turned his imagination loose on these he produced pictures like this "*Enchanted Forest*" legend—alive, sometimes rising to a high degree of beauty, always warmly coloured, and full of a sense of the infinite richness and loveliness of nature. My conjecture is that when he took his first breathing space in the work of developing with youthful fervour what he had within him, and looked around and saw what was going on in the world without him, he realized that romanticism—honest, brainless, harum-scarum romanticism—was quite out of date and in disrepute; and since only the strongest dare to do what is out of date or in disrepute, and Vincent d'Indy, whatever his gifts, was never one of the strongest, he forsook the regions his spirit loved and tried to work in a strange atmosphere amongst a folk to whom he was not akin and amidst uncongenial surroundings where he was not, and will never be quite, at home. He no longer gave his romanticism free play; he became self-conscious; he affected to be affected in his romanticism and put forward what he honestly felt as a thing he did not really feel; from writing with enjoyment nonsense which he never thought was nonsense he fell to writing nonsense without enjoyment because he had a sense that it was nonsense he should be above; and his last state was worse than his first. In fact, his first state was not at all an unpleasant one; whereas not all he

has written during the past ten years is worth this one symphonic legend. But of course my hypothesis about his falling off may be deplorably absurd; though in that case I could mention a score of souls not unlike Vincent d'Indy to whom it would apply.

Dull, chill, colourless, shallow, unaromatic, though Vincent d'Indy's later music is, the worst of it seems to me to be infinitely preferable to Mr. Cliffe's new concerto. I have always regarded Mr. Cliffe as rather a daring young man who would come some day—as a young pagan overflowing with boundless spirits, writing consecutive fifths and tearing the accepted forms to tatters and doing heaven knows what mad things besides, in mere excess of wild animal energy and utter impatience with the tedious commonplace middle-aged people who rule the world and decline to move out of the way of the younger generation. Guess then, imaginative reader, my horror to find that he who has so often been spoken of as "a young man whose talents will undoubtedly win him a high place when he has curbed certain extravagant tendencies &c." is as tame a pedant as you may hope to find in England. In my present mood of disappointment and disgust I have not patience to speak of his concerto with the respect to which it is doubtless entitled. From beginning to end there is not a flash of fire. The first movement is everlastingly dropping off to sleep and then making one more futile effort to be really energetic; the slow movement has not a melody that sweeps you irresistibly over so short a space as four bars: every phrase halts and stumbles; while the finale only attains to a ghastly pretence of life by dropping into hackneyed Hungarian rhythms. So hard do I find it to forgive this concerto that were the committee of the Royal Academy of Music to dismiss Sir Alexander Mackenzie to-morrow I should have difficulty in refraining from recommending Mr. Cliffe as his successor. As for the remainder of the concert, Mr. Andrew Black battled as he best could with the fearfully rough accompaniment to the Farewell (I really cannot imagine what Mr. Manns was thinking about to permit such playing); and the divine Schubert symphony was played with the refinement and the tenderness it demands. J. F. R.

PEER GYNT IN PARIS.

"Peer Gynt," a dramatic poem in five acts, by Henrik Ibsen. Théâtre de l'Œuvre (Théâtre de la Nouveauté, Rue Blanche, Paris). 12 November, 1896.

"Peer Gynt," translated into French prose, with a few passages in rhymed metre, by M. le Comte Prozor, in "La Nouvelle Revue," 15 May and 1 and 15 June, 1896.

"Peer Gynt," metrical translation into English by Charles and William Archer. London: Walter Scott. 1892.

THE humiliation of the English stage is now complete. Paris, that belated capital which makes the intelligent Englishman imagine himself back in the Dublin or Edinburgh of the eighteenth century, has been beforehand with us in producing "Peer Gynt." Within five months of its revelation in France through the Comte Prozor's translation, it has been produced by a French actor-manager who did not play the principal part himself, but undertook two minor ones which were not even mentioned in the program. We have had the much more complete translation of Messrs. William and Charles Archer in our hands for four years; and we may confidently expect the first performance in 1900 or thereabouts, with much trumpeting of the novelty of the piece and the daring of the manager.

"Peer Gynt" will finally smash anti-Ibsenism in Europe, because Peer is everybody's hero. He has the same effect on the imagination that Hamlet, Faust, and Mozart's Don Juan have had. Thousands of people who will never read another line of Ibsen will read "Peer Gynt" again and again; and millions will be conscious of him as part of the poetic currency of the world without reading him at all. The witches in "Macbeth," the ghost in "Hamlet," the statue in "Don Juan," and Mephistopheles, will not be more

familiar to the twentieth century than the Boyg, the Button Moulder, the Strange Passenger, and the Lean Person. It is of no use to argue about it: nobody who is susceptible to legendary poetry can escape the spell if he once opens the book, or—as I can now affirm from experience—if he once sees even the shabbiest representation of a few scenes from it. Take the most conscientious anti-Ibsenite you can find, and let him enlarge to his heart's content on the defects of Ibsen. Then ask him what about "Peer Gynt." He will instantly protest that you have hit him unfairly—that "Peer Gynt" must be left out of the controversy. I hereby challenge any man in England with a reputation to lose to deny that "Peer Gynt" is not one of his own and the world's very choicest treasures in its kind. Mind, gentlemen, I do not want to know whether "Peer Gynt" is right or wrong, good art or bad art: the question is whether you can get away from it—whether you ever had the same sensation before in reading a dramatic poem—whether you ever had even a kindred sensation except from the work of men whose greatness is now beyond question. The only people who have escaped the spell which, for good or evil, pleasantly or painfully, Ibsen's dramas cast on the imagination, are either those light-hearted paragraphists who gather their ideas by listening to one another braying, or else those who are taken out of their depth by Ibsen exactly as the music-hall amateur is taken out of his depth by Beethoven.

The Parisian production has been undertaken by M. Lugné Poe, of the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, whose performances of Ibsen and Maeterlinck here are well remembered. He used the translation by the Comte Prozor, which appeared in "La Nouvelle Revue," chiefly in prose, but with a few irresistibly metrical passages done into rhymed verse. Unfortunately, it was incomplete, especially in the fourth and fifth acts. The Saeter girls were omitted. The Anitra episode was represented by only one scene. The first part of the soliloquy before Memnon's statue was dovetailed into the last half of the soliloquy before the Sphinx, as if the two monuments were one and the same. In the fifth act the Strange Passenger and the Lean Person (the devil) were altogether sacrificed; and the Button Moulder's explanation to Peer of what "being oneself" really means was cut out of his part—an indefensible stupid mutilation. The episode of the man who cuts off his finger, with his funeral in the last act, as well as the auction scene which follows, also vanished. M. Lugné Poe, in his acting version, restored the Strange Passenger's first entrance on board the ship; but in other respects he took the Prozor version with all its omissions, and cut it down still more. For instance, all the Egyptian scenes, Memnon, Sphinx, pyramids, Begriffenfeldt, Cairo madhouse and all, went at one slash. The scene in the water after the shipwreck, where Peer pushes the unfortunate cook off the capsized boat, but holds him up by the hair for a moment to allow him to pray without eliciting anything more to the purpose than "Give us this day our daily bread," was cut, with, of course, the vital episode of the second appearance of the Strange Passenger. As the performance nevertheless lasted nearly four hours—including, however, a good deal of silly encoring of Grieg's music, and some avoidable intervals between the scenes—extensive curtailment was inevitable, a complete representation being only possible under Bayreuth conditions.

There was only one instance of deliberate melodramatic vulgarization of the poem. In the fourth act, after Peer has made a hopeless donkey of himself with his Hottentot Venus, and been tricked and robbed by her, he argues his way in his usual fashion back into his own self-respect, arriving in about three minutes at the point of saying,

"It's excusable, sure, if I hold up my head
And feel my worth as the man, Peer Gynt,
Also called Human-life's Emperor."

At this point Ibsen introduces the short scene in which we see the woman whom Peer has deserted, and who is faithfully waiting for him in the north, sitting outside the old hut in the sunshine, spinning and tending her goats, and singing her song of blessing on the absent man. Now it is of the essence of the con-

trast that Peer, excellently qualified at this moment, not to be the hero of Solveig's affectionate faith, but to make an intoxicating success in London at a Metropole banquet as a Nitrate King or big showman, should never think of her (though he is constantly recalling, more or less inaccurately, all sorts of scraps of his old experiences, including his amours with the Green Clad One), but should go on to the climax of his coronation by the lunatic Begriffenfeldt as "Emperor of Himself" with a straw crown in the Cairo bedlam. I regret to say that M. Lugné Poe so completely missed Ibsen's intention here, that he made Peer go to sleep *à propos de bottes*; darkened the stage; and exhibited Solveig to him as a dream vision in the conventional Drury Lane fourth-act style. For which, in my opinion (which is softened by the most friendly personal disposition towards M. Poe), he ought to have been gently led away and guillotined. It is quite clear that Peer Gynt remains absolutely unredeemed all through this elderly period of his career; and even when we meet him in the last act returning to Norway an old man, he is still the same clever, vain, greedy, sentimental, rather fascinating braggart and egoist. When the ship runs down a boat he frantically denounces the inhumanity of the cook and sailors because they will not accept his money to risk their lives in an attempt to save the drowning men. Immediately after, when the ship is wrecked, he drowns the cook to save his own life without a moment's remorse. Then up comes the Strange Passenger out of the depths to ask him whether he has never even once—say once in six months—felt that strange sense (that occasionally desperately dangerous sense, as Ibsen well knows) for which we have dozens of old creed names—"divine grace," "the fear of God," "conviction of sin," and so on—but no quite satisfactory modern one. Peer no more understands what he means than if he were an average London journalist. His glimpse of the fact that the Strange Passenger is not, as he at first feared, the devil, but rather a divine messenger, simply relieves his terror. In the country graveyard where, chancing on the funeral of the hero of the chopped finger, a man completely the reverse of himself, he hears the priest's tribute to the character of the deceased, he says:—

"I could almost believe it was I that slept
And heard in a vision my panegyric."

In these scenes, in the one at the auction, in the wood where, comparing himself to the wild onion he is eating, he strips off the successive layers to find the core of it, and, finding that it is all layers and no core, exclaims, "Nature is witty," there is no sign of the final catastrophe except a certain growing desperation, an ironical finding of himself out, which makes a wonderful emotional undercurrent through the play in this act. It is not until he stumbles on the hut, and hears the woman singing in it, that the blow falls, and for the first time the mysterious sense mentioned by the Strange Passenger seizes him. With this point rightly brought out, the symbolism of the following scenes becomes more vivid and real than all the real horses and real water ever lavished on a popular melodrama. Peer's wild run through the night over the charred heath, stumbling over the threadballs and broken straws, dripped upon by the dewdrops, pelted by the withered leaves that are all that is left of the songs he should have sung, the tears he should have wept, the beliefs he should have proclaimed, the deeds he should have achieved, is fantastic only in so far as it deals with realities that cannot be presented prosaically. As the divine case against Peer is followed up, the interest accumulates in a way that no Adelphi court-martial can even suggest. The reappearance of the Strange Passenger as the Button Moulder commissioned to melt up Peer in his casting ladle as so much unindividuated raw material; Peer's frantic attempts to prove that he has always been pre-eminently himself, and his calling as a witness the old beggared Troll king, who testifies, on the contrary, that Peer is a mere troll, shrunk into nothing by the troll principle of being sufficient to himself; Peer's change of ground, and his attempt to escape even into hell by proving that he had at least risen to some sort of individuality as a great sinner, only to have his poor little list of sins (among which he never dreams of

mentioning his desertion of Solveig—the only sin big enough (to save him) contemptuously rejected by the devil as not worth wasting brimstone on; and his final conviction and despair, from which he is only rescued by the discovery of "Peer Gynt as himself" in the faith, hope, and love of the blind old woman who takes him to her arms: all this deadly earnest is handled with such ironic vivacity, such grimly intimate humour, and finally with such tragic pathos, that it excites, impresses, and touches even those whom it utterly bewilders. Indeed, the ending is highly popular, since it can so easily be taken as implying the pretty middle-class doctrine that all moral difficulties find their solution in love as the highest of all things—a doctrine which, after several years' attentive observation, and a few careful personal experiments, I take to be the utmost attainable extreme of nonsensical wickedness and folly. The real Ibsenist solution is, of course, that there is no "solution" at all, any more than there is a philosopher's stone.

At the L'Œuvre performance, this trial of a sinner was very concisely summarized; but the point of it was by no means entirely missed. The Strange Passenger received a round of applause; the Button Moulder was appreciated; and the demonstration elicited by the climax of Peer Gynt's burst of despair, "Qu'on trace ces mots sur ma tombe : Ci-git personne," showed how effectually Ibsen, at his most abstract point, can draw blood even from a congenitally unmetaphysical nation, to which the play seems as much a mixture of sentiment and stage *diablerie* as "Faust" seemed to Gounod. Two other scenes moved the audience deeply. One was where Solveig joins Peer in the mountains, and is left by him with the words, "Be my way long or short, you must wait for me"; and the other, which produced a tremendous effect—we should have "Peer Gynt" in London this season if any of our actor-managers had been there to witness it—the death of Peer's mother. The rest was listened to with alert interest and occasional amazement, which was not always Ibsen's fault. Only one scene—that with the Boyg—failed, because it was totally unintelligible. It was presented as a continuation of the Dovre scene—in itself puzzling enough; and the audience stared in wonder at a pitchy dark stage, with Peer howling, a strange voice squealing behind the scenes, a woman calling at intervals, and not a word that any one could catch. It was let pass with politely smothered laughter as a characteristic Ibsen insanity; though whether this verdict would have been materially changed if the dialogue had been clearly followed is an open question; for the Boyg (called "Le Tordu" by the Comte Prozor, and "Le Tortueux" in the playbill), having elusiveness as his natural speciality, is particularly hard to lay hold of in the guise of an allegory.

As to the performance, I am not sure that I know how good the actors were; for Ibsen's grip of humanity is so powerful that almost any presentable performer can count on a degree of illusion in his parts which Duse herself failed to produce when she tried Shakespeare. To say that Deval did not exhaust his opportunity as Peer is only to say that he is not quite the greatest tragic, comic, and character actor in the world. He misunderstood the chronology of the play, and made Peer no older on the ship than in Morocco, whilst in the last scene he made him a doddering centenarian. He spoiled the famous comment on the blowing up of the yacht, "God takes fatherly thought for my personal weal; but economical!—no, that he isn't," by an untimely stage fall; but otherwise he managed the part intelligently and played with spirit and feeling. Albert-Mayer played no less than four parts: the Boyg, Aslak the Smith, the Strange Passenger, and the Button Moulder, and was good in all, bar the Boyg. Lugné Poe himself played two parts, Solveig's father and the travelling Englishman, Mr. Cotton. Mr. Cotton was immense. He was a fair, healthy, good-looking young man, rather heavy in hand, stiff with a quiet determination to hold his own among that gang of damned foreigners, and speaking French with an accent which made it a joy to hear him say "C'est trop dire" ("Say trow deah," with the tongue kept carefully back from the teeth). He certainly did infinite credit to the activity and accuracy of Lugné Poe's observation

during his visit to this country. Suzanne Auclaire, who will be vividly remembered by all those who saw her here as Hilda Wangel in "The Master Builder," was cast for Solveig, not altogether wisely, I think, as the part is too grave and maternal for her. In the last scene, which she chanted in a golden voice very much à la Bernhardt, she did not represent Solveig as blind, nor did her make-up suggest anything more than a dark Southern woman of about forty-two, although Peer was clearly at least ninety-nine, and by no means young for his age: in fact, he might have been the original pilgrim with the white locks flowing. Her naïve charm carried her well through the youthful scenes; but on the whole she was a little afraid of the part, and certainly did not make the most of it. Madame Barbieri, as Aase, was too much the stage crone; but she probably had no alternative to that or betraying her real age, which was much too young. She must have been abundantly satisfied with the overwhelming effect of her death scene. The only altogether inefficient member of the cast was the Green Clad One, who did not understand her part, and did not attend to Ibsen's directions. And the Brat, unfortunately, was a rather pretty child, very inadequately disfigured by a dab of burnt cork on the cheek.

Many thousand pounds might be lavished on the scenery and mounting of "Peer Gynt." M. Lugné Poe can hardly have lavished twenty pounds on it. Peer Gynt's costume as the Prophet was of the Dumb Crambo order: his caftan was an old dressing-gown, and his turban, though authentic, hardly new. There was no horse and—to my bitter disappointment—no pig. A few pantomime masks, with allsorts and tails, furnished forth the trolls in the Dovre scene; and the explosion of the yacht was represented by somebody upsetting a chair in the wing. Anitra, with black curtains of hair transfixed by peonies over each ear, a whitened face, and a general air of being made up with the most desperate inadequacy of person and wardrobe after Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Juliet, insisted upon an encore for a dance which M. Fouquier, of the "Figaro," described, without exaggeration, as "les contorsions d'un lièvre qui a reçu un coup de feu dans les reins." And yet this performance took place in a theatre nearly as large as Drury Lane, completely filled with an audience of much the same class as one sees here at a Richter concert. Miss Robins would not dream of presenting "Little Eyolf" at the Avenue Theatre next week so cheaply. But it mattered very little. M. Lugné Poe showed in London that he could catch more of the atmosphere of a poetic play with the most primitive arrangements than some of our managers succeed in doing at a ruinous outlay. Of course the characteristic Northern hardheaded, hardfisted humour, the Northern power of presenting the deepest truths in the most homely grotesques, was missed: M. Poe, with all his realism, could no more help presenting the play sentimentally and sublimely than M. Lamoureux can help conducting the overture to "Tannhäuser" as if it were the "Marseillaise"; but the universality of Ibsen makes his plays come home to all nations; and Peer Gynt is just as good a Frenchman as a Norwegian, just as Dr. Stockman is as intelligible in Bermondsey or Bournemouth as he is in his native town.

I have to express my obligation to the editor of "La Nouvelle Revue" for very kindly lending me his private copy of the numbers containing the Prozor translation. Otherwise I must have gone without, as the rest of the edition was sold out immediately after the performance.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE scare about dear money is passing away, and the rates both for loans and discounts are falling off. There was not during the week any discussion about the possibility of a change in the Bank rate; it was simply taken for granted that it would not be changed. In the Reserve there is again an increase, amounting this time to £522,000, in spite of a net efflux of £243,000 of gold during the week to the date of the Bank Return. The decline in money rates is

probably fortuitous and temporary, and is explained by the ordinary influences prevailing at this season of the year.

Rupee-paper, after fractional fluctuations, sticks in the neighbourhood of 63. The price of Rupee-paper is the resultant of two different, and sometimes opposite, forces, the price of rupee coin, in which the interest is paid, and the market or investment value in India of Rupee-paper. The approach of the rupee to 15. 4d. brings very nearly to a climax the remarkable attempt to raise the value of a coin by depreciating the metal of which it is composed. The Indian mints were closed in June 1893. Before that step was taken silver stood at 3d. an ounce and the rupee at 1s. 2½d. The net effect was to depress silver 5d. an ounce. Four months later the Sherman Act was repealed, and the consequence was to depress silver 5d. more. The rupee followed silver—at a certain distance—and stood in June 1894 1½d. lower than before the experiment was tried. Silver has since recovered to 3d. an ounce, and the rupee has risen to a shade over 1s. 3½d., its melting value being 11½d.

The effect in three years has therefore been to give the rupee a scarcity value of 1½d. more than it had in 1893. The rate at which the Government will give out silver at the Calcutta mint in exchange for gold is 1s. 4d., a limit which is now within a farthing of being reached. At 1s. 4½d. gold can, it is calculated, be sent from here at a profit. But there is the other element of value, which complicates the matter—namely, the investment value of Rupee-paper in India. Rupee-paper is in India what Consols are in England. When there is a glut of cheap money in India, Rupee-paper rises, just as Consols do here from the same cause. When money in India is scarce and dear Rupee-paper falls. Owing to the famine, and possibly a diminution of trade (there has been a short jute crop), Rupee-paper has fallen in India from 107 to 99. We have thus the rising value of the rupee as coin, and the falling value of Rupee-paper as an investment. The resultant of these two factors is Rupee-paper at 63. Were the rise in the rupee to coincide with cheap and plentiful money in India, Rupee-paper would rise by leaps and bounds.

Amongst Foreigners, Spanish Fours are still on the razor-edge of destiny. The success of the internal, or, as it ought to be called, patriotic loan sent Spanish up to the region of 59. But if General Weyler should be caught by the rebels in the next few weeks, and hanged, as he certainly would be, we should be sorry to have paid for the call of Spanish. We wonder how many people have reflected upon the fact that the national bonds of Bulgaria stand four or five points higher than those of Italy, and only a point or two lower than those of the German Empire. We feel quite certain that the Bulgarian Government is about to issue a new loan, for three reasons. Firstly, because it strenuously denies the allegation; secondly, because it cannot pay its way and go on with the Sofia-Schumla railway without a new loan; and thirdly, because nothing but a new loan, with its large commission, could induce the Länderbank to go on lending money.

There has been promulgated, through the medium of a newspaper, a statement of the Budget position in Bulgaria, which contains amongst the assets some very remarkable items. Amongst them are 11,832,078 francs for arrears of taxes between 1879 and 1894! Another startling item is the 53,072,655 francs described as "the remaining options of the Railway Loan of 1892." That is a very curious sort of asset. It is an option in the hands of the Länderbank to lend more money to the Bulgarian Government than it has already lent. If that be an asset, we can all easily constitute ourselves millionaires. There are few people about who would hesitate to give to a financier the option to lend them money. And in this case there is to be considered that this loan which has been partially made is alleged in plain terms by the Berlin Correspondent of the "Economist" to have been misapplied. It was a railway loan and the security was to be the railway. But it is said a large

proportion of the money lent has not been devoted to railway construction, but has been diverted to other objects. Under such circumstances is the Länderbank likely to exercise its "option" of advancing more money? If it do so, it will probably be in consideration of making a good profit out of the issue of a new loan. The apparent Budget surplus of some thirty-six million francs is, on the face of it, absurd, even if we leave out of consideration the ridiculous entry as an "asset" of arrears of taxes dating back to 1879.

It has been asserted in some quarters that the negotiations for the settlement of the Argentine Provincial Loans have been suspended. This is not accurate, at least as regards one important province—namely, Entre Ríos. We are in a position to state that an "ad referendum" agreement between the Governor of the Province of Entre Ríos and certain gentlemen representing the Council of Foreign Bondholders and the River Plate Trust has been drafted, by which the bonds of Entre Ríos are to be exchanged for Four per cent. Unified External bonds. The total outstanding debt of the Province of Entre Ríos, including the municipal loans of the City of Paraná, amounts to £3,489,640, and the arrears of interest amount to £648,366. By its Governor, Señor Don Salvador Maciá, the Province binds itself provisionally to endeavour to obtain from the National Government the sum of £2,696,334 (being 65 per cent. of the above principal and interest) in Four per cent. Unified External Bonds before 30 June, 1897.

But the total loan of Entre Ríos is composed of seven different issues with different securities. There is the Six per cent. Loan of 1886, the Six per cent. Loan of 1888, the Funding Loan, the Five per cent. Loan of 1891, the Municipal Loan, and so on. It would be obviously unfair if this 65 per cent. of new National Fours were to be divided equally among these different loans. The 1888 loan, for instance, has a special hypothecation of the dividends of the Provincial Bank. It has therefore been agreed to submit to arbitration in London the proportion in which the new Unified bonds are to be allotted to the holders of the respective provincial loans of Entre Ríos. As soon as the arbitrators have given their award, the River Plate Trust and the Council of Foreign Bondholders will invite bondholders to deposit their bonds, three-fourths of which will carry the scheme. The consent of the Argentine Government will, of course, be necessary, but it is believed that it will be obtained. It is calculated that the 1888 bonds of Entre Ríos, owing to their special hypothecation, will get cent. per cent. in new National bonds. The only question, therefore, is what will Four per cent. Unified Argentine bonds be worth? Anyway, the 1888 bonds of Entre Ríos would seem to be very cheap at 30.

In the meantime the whole scheme is in danger of being wrecked by the unreasonable greed of some classes of bondholders and the remissness of others. The proposal is obviously not an unhandsome one, for 65 per cent. of principal and arrears of interest is equivalent to 77 per cent. of the principal. An Argentine representative is now in London trying to come to terms with a Committee of the Council of Foreign Bondholders. But either the members do not attend, or those who do are not satisfied and ask for more. It is exactly this unreasonable greed which suspends the unification of the National Argentine Debt. There are some people who never can see that three-quarters of a loaf are better than no bread. Another reason why negotiations are blocked from time to time is that Englishmen, with national narrow-mindedness, cannot or will not understand the methods of diplomacy universal amongst Latin or semi-Latin races.

The stagnation in the Home Railway Market is the more inexplicable as the weekly traffic returns were excellent. Caledonian Deferred, for instance, fell below 60, though the increase in the returns amounted to £2,943. North British Deferred, Cora's twin, also fell below 48, though the traffics had increased by £2,965. Christmas, however, always brings an augmentation of business to the railway companies, and we feel pretty

confident that by the mid-December account Coras and North British will be several points higher—that is to say, unless there is a further *débâcle* in the Mining Market. It is remarkable how sympathetic the markets are with one another. There is no apparent connexion between Home Rails and Transvaal Deep Levels. Yet there is no doubt that Kaffirs keep down Home Rails, the fact being, of course, that there isn't a jobber in the House who doesn't dabble in mines—the richer he is and the more solemn he looks, the more recklessly he speculates.

The boom in American rails still tarries unaccountably. The American Market is in a state of see-saw between London and New York. In the morning Americans open flat, until about three in the afternoon, when better prices come over from New York, and there is a feeble rally. The next day the process is reversed: London sells and New York buys. But this game of battledore and shuttlecock is confined to professional operators, who are watched by a languid and incredulous public. Milwaukees are nearly five points lower than they were on that celebrated morning when the news of McKinley's victory was announced. On Thursday evening there was another mild spurt, and Milwaukees, Louisvilles, Denver Prefs, Southern Prefs, Eries, Union Pacifics, Missouris and Readings all rose fractionally. Some well-informed people maintain, however, that there is an undercurrent of strength in the American Market. There are also "old Parliamentary hands" who recount that the biggest boom they ever saw in Americans came at Christmas-time. But that was twenty years ago, or more.

It is said that "Rio Tinto Splits" are not popular in Paris. At any rate, selling orders came from Paris on Thursday, and instead of Rio Tintos booming, as some of the greatest authorities in London prophesied, they fell a fraction, and then recovered their former price. It is uncertain whether the interest on the New Preference Stock is to be 5 or 6 per cent.

"Deep calls unto deep." Last week Messrs. Davies, Rudd and Hays Hammond assured us we should all make our fortunes out of deep levels—in time. This week Mr. J. B. Robinson roundly asserts that "the mining industry was never in a better position since it started," and that in a few months it would be in a better position still. Perhaps this is why Consolidated Gold-fields fell to 7½ and Randfonteins to 11½. But not content with making heroic speeches in the City, our South African magnates have summoned science to their aid in the form of lectures at the Imperial Institute. Mr. Draper was put up to lecture on the geological formation of the Witwatersrand. Poor Draper was rather a *fiasco*, and wrapping himself in his injured virtue has returned to the Transvaal. This week we have Professor Crookes lecturing in the tenantless halls of Sir Somers Vine on the Kimberley Diamond Mines. But the Stock Exchange will not be comforted, and the only result of the Professor's panegyrics is that De Beers have joined the downward dance. We are really afraid that nothing will now raise the price of Kaffirs except the appearance in the market of that rare bird, a buyer.

The truth, of course, is that City men are practical, and are influenced by other things than speeches and lectures. For instance, the settlement of the affairs of two jobbers in the Kaffir Market, by the timely assistance of a magnate, had far more effect on prices than the lucubrations of the Drapers, the Crookeses, the Rudds, and the Robinsons. On Thursday evening, when it was known these lame ducks had been helped, there was quite a little rally in Kaffirs, Rand Mines rising ½, Gold Fields ½, Gold Fields Deep ½, and Randfonteins ½, while East Rands were steady. One of these jobbers, who has been the talk of the House during the past week, cleared his book in the autumn of 1895, just before the slump, and went to the sunny South to meditate upon his very handsome balance. Everybody said what a clever fellow he was; and so he would have been, if he could have stayed away. So true is the classical adage that it is not until the end of a man's life that you can say whether he has been happy or miserable, wise or foolish.

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We notice that Mr. Perkins, who was recently consulting engineer to the Rand Mines, Limited, and who has had an extensive experience of deep-level mining, has been stating his opinion that the outlook for mines of that class is becoming brighter, and that they will ultimately approximate in value to the outcrop mines under which they are situated. He attributes the unsatisfactory results hitherto obtained from the Geldenhuis Deep in some measure to a change in the system of working, and anticipates that, when the mine is thoroughly opened up, better results will follow. We believe that this view is correct. The Bonanza Mine, which is deep-level in all but name, has certainly turned out better than was expected, and it seems probable that the Rose Deep Mine will eventually prove as valuable as its outcrop mine, the New Primrose. Perhaps the Crown Deep Mine has the best prospects of any. In all cases there is a tendency to reduction of working cost, and the local experience which is being gained daily of deep levels is a still more important factor of success.

Something of a rally has occurred in Westralian Mines, but except in special cases the advances are not of much importance. In the present condition of affairs on the market and at the mines we hesitate to recommend purchases; but it may not be amiss to give some particulars about a few of the shares that look most promising for the speculative investor who can afford to wait, and has the patience to do so. In the category of mines answering to this description we would put Great Boulder Main Reef. The Company is now crushing and is getting fair results, though only on a small scale. The last return is not up to the best results, but the favourable light in which the mine is regarded is not so much dependent on current results as on the proof of the existence in the Company's property of the Great Boulder lode. The shares at the beginning of the year stood at about £2, and recently have been hovering about £1. On Thursday they were 1½ bid. Immediately to the south of this property is the Hannan's Star, in which also the great lode has been found. If this Company were in possession of ample working capital the shares would have a splendid prospect, but unfortunately this does not appear to be the case. Nevertheless the shares are worth watching, and perhaps worth picking up by those who are not afraid of a few vicissitudes and a possible demand for fresh capital in one form or another. Throughout the period of weakness in the Westralian Market the steadiness of Ivanhoes has been a conspicuous feature, and these shares were prompt to respond to the improving tendency of the market.

Another mine worth referring to in this connexion is Hannan's Brownhill. Not many months ago the price of the shares was £7; a few weeks ago it was £4; then it fell to £3 on reports that the Company, which has got to the stage of production, was indebted to the London and West Australian Exploration Company to the extent of £25,000, and was incurring further obligations for new machinery, it being asserted that the machinery at present in use was worthless. But while the directors' report just issued confirms the fact of the indebtedness and the amount of it, the Anglo-Continental Gold Syndicate has taken 10,000 shares at £4, of which £25,000 is to wipe off the debt, and £15,000 is to be spent on new machinery. The fall of the shares on Tuesday was eagerly taken advantage of by insiders to buy.

The report of the first fifteen months' actual working of the "West Australian Mines Development Syndicate, Limited," is certainly enough to satisfy the aspirations of the most sanguine shareholder. On a capital of £15,367 the net profit for that period, after writing off all preliminary expenses and making ample provision for depreciation, amounts to no less than £100,463, of which £58,540 is in hard cash! Mr. W. F. Orriss, the chairman, referred with natural pride to the report presented a few days before to the "Venture Syndicate," which has the same staff and practically the same management. The paid-up capital of these two syndicates amounts to just over £40,000,

and the net profits for fifteen months' working are £204,562, of which £121,764 is in cash and £82,788 in shares. The profit, therefore, as the chairman pointed out, exceeds five times the paid-up capital.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

LONDON ELECTRICAL CAB COMPANY.

In the prospectus of the London Electrical Cab Company there are given many figures, but, while they were considering the terms of the prospectus, the directors might have thrown in a few more without doing any harm to the investor, whose money is asked for. Not being experts in electrical traction, like Messrs. Kincaid, Waller & Manville, we accept, for the purpose of argument, their estimate as to the cost of each vehicle, the annual cost of maintenance, and the total cost involved per day, which last item is put down at 5s. 7½d. Taking this for granted, then, we turn to the deductions drawn from the figures in the prospectus. The point is that the proprietors of the electrical cabs are going to get, on an average, 12s. 2½d. per diem, as fixed for "animal" cabs by the Asquith award. The prospectus further suggests the Company will be able to charge more than this for the hire of its cabs, not of course to the public, for the electrical cabs will be under the Hackney Carriage Act, but to the drivers. But are not the proprietors of the cabs at present drawn by horses likely to treat themselves to a rate-cutting war before they finally succumb to the new "Autocracy"? Again, the estimated annual profits of the 320 electrical cabs are put down as £38,446 13s. 4d. on the basis of the calculations above referred to. That works out at over 25½ per cent. on the capital. If such an estimate were realized in working, would there not at once ensue such competition as would falsify it? And, finally for the present, we observe that from the estimated profits there has to be deducted not only a royalty of £4 per cab, but also "the usual administration expenses, including rent, rates, taxes and management charges." The public might have been told something about the amount of these, and for the absence of the desired figures it is small consolation to have a picture on the front page of the prospectus, which apparently depicts an electrical cab which has run down an old hansom, and thrown out the unfortunate occupant of the old-fashioned vehicle; the electrical cab driver being the only person in the scene who exhibits placid unconcern for the mishap.

TRITICINE, LIMITED.

We do not profess to be experts in baby food, and we are therefore willing to take it from such authorities as the "Lancet," "The Lady," "Woman," and "Madame" that Triticine is not, as its name suggests, an irritant, but a sedative, for the digestion of invalids and infants. But baby food is one thing and baby finance is another. The calm demand upon our credulity made by the prospectus is so childish that it has neither soothed our nerves nor stimulated our appetite for shares in this Company. No figures, no accounts, no balance sheet, no auditor's statement, are vouchsafed. We are simply told that the increase in the sale of Triticine has been over 4,000 per cent. "during the past six months." The capital consists of £25,000 debentures and £100,000 shares. The vendors take £51,500, £5,000 in cash, £20,000 in shares, and £26,500 in cash or shares at the option of the Company; and this purchase price does not include the horses, waggons, sacks, office furniture, and "sundry other assets" (not specified), of a large milling business, which are to be taken at a valuation. As it is stated that the working capital will be £35,000, we must infer that the cost of the new flour mill, which has to be erected at Hull, will be £39,000, though no estimate is given. After providing £8,000 a year for advertising, the directors estimate that there will be a net profit of £16,500, which will pay 4 per cent. on the debentures and 12 per cent. on the shares. In other words, a capital of £125,000 is to earn £24,500 a year. Truly milling must be a profitable business, and Triticine is a blessed word.

PAQUIN, LIMITED.

We shall be curious to see whether a French dress-making business will be subscribed for by the English

public. Without Mr. John Barker (of John Barker & Co., Limited) as chairman, Mr. A. J. Newton (chairman of Harrod's Stores, Limited), and Mr. James Bailey, M.P. (of D. H. Evans & Co., Limited), as directors, we should be doubtful ; but with such well-known practical and successful business men on the directorate we think that the public will apply greedily for shares. Some of the main points of the prospectus now before us are as follows :—“ Net profits this year about £60,000. Vendor accepts £100,000 cash and a large proportion of Ordinary shares on account of purchase price, of which £75,000 at once deposited for guarantee ; thus shows his faith and that he is not selling out. Cash working capital and other assets of business, together with deposit, practically cover amount of Preference issue. Secret of success—Taste and originality. Never copied anybody's models, but invented own. Attention to business. Ordinary shares show already more than 12 per cent. dividend. Working capital, £100,000, besides stock. Additional working capital for London branch produced by issue ; this branch should greatly add to income. Increased profits also expected from extension of present business and additional departments in Paris. No debentures nor any other debts. Business rapidly increasing. Mr. and Madame Paquin remain as managers, receiving bonus after 10 per cent. dividend on Ordinary shares ; they are sure to devote their energies to the business on account of their large holding in Ordinary shares and of 50 per cent. bonus after 10 per cent. on Ordinary ; this surplus profit will, in their opinion, during the Exhibition year (1900) be worth £25,000 to them and £25,000 to the Ordinary shareholders ; thus whilst the Cumulative 6 per cent. Preference shares form a very safe investment, the Ordinary show a splendid prospect of high dividends and corresponding increase in the market value of the shares. Bad debts below 2 per cent. on turnover ; this is result of good management.” On the whole, Madame Paquin seems a very desirable investment.

BOVRIL, LIMITED.

It is widely known that Mr. Ernest T. Hooley bought Bovril for £2,000,000, with the express intention of selling it to the public for £2,500,000. To such a transaction there cannot be the smallest objection ; and probably the public will rather admire Mr. Hooley for his frankness in taking them into his confidence. If a man buys a horse for £50 and sells it within a few days for £75, he does a quite honest stroke of business upon which every one will congratulate him, provided, of course, that he is candid enough to admit that it is nothing more than a stroke of business. What no one likes is the man who buys a horse for £50 and sells it for £150, and then claims to have acted on purely philanthropic motives and to have made a loss through his disinterestedness. Mr. Hooley resembles the first instance, the average company the second ; and we should be highly delighted if the average company-promoter would learn some of Mr. Hooley's candour. As for Bovril, every one knows now how excellent a thing it is. Doctors are unanimous in recommending it ; and, besides rapidly superseding the ancient non-nutritious slops by which the lives of those in danger from illness were still further endangered, it is coming into very common use as an occasional refreshing drink with those who scorn tea and coffee and fear alcohol. Being a good thing, the more money there is spent upon advertising it the better it will sell—for a good thing can scarcely be over-advertised ; and we expect that under Mr. Hooley's auspices Bovril will now go better than ever. The price of £2,500,000, which Mr. Hooley is receiving for it, is not too much for so profitable an article ; and we do not doubt that those who invest in the new company will get a good return for their money.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

BOVRIL.—The prospectus of the New Bovril, Limited, appears on Monday next, and we should advise you to apply for at least double the shares you really want.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO.—Watch the market carefully. There is not by any means a “boom,” as you seem to think.

FERREIRA.—By all means buy. We know of no better investment for a buyer of mining shares.

VICTORIAN GOLD ESTATES.—Keep your money, or put it in New Bovrils.

W. B.—The sale of your shares would be a matter of negotiation. Put them in the hands of a good broker.

T. G. R. (Birmingham).—Patent Nut and Bolt shares are an excellent investment. Perry & Co., 5 per cent. Preference stand at too high a premium in our opinion.

VAN DER BERG MARGARINE.—Yes. We can recommend these 6 per cent Preference shares.

RELIANCE TUBE.—Among the best, but tube shares are not at the premiums they were a short time since.

GREAT INDIAN PENINSULA DEB.—Yield not sufficient.

BEESTON PNEUMATIC TYRE.—At present price we consider worth buying.

CURIOS.—Without entering into the merits of the different mining shares you mention, if you have paid for and taken them up, we should certainly advise you to keep them for the present. It would be foolish to sell at the end of a slump, when a revival is certain to come before very long. It will probably be a year before Oceans go back to your price.

O. P. Randfontein and Porges Randfontein. are not thought much of by insiders, but we should not recommend you to sell short, as they are strongly held. We look askance at anything in Mashonaland just now. As to Kalgurli Goldmines (if that is the name), we must plead guilty to ignorance.

NORMAN.—As the market at the moment looks rather stronger, we should advise you to hold Nos. 1, 4, 6 and 7, provided that you are prepared to exercise a little patience. We do not think there is much chance for No. 2, which has been a terrible fiasco. It will be a long time before Nos. 3 and 5 can do much good. We cannot trace any market in No. 8.

A. H.—Under the circumstances you describe we certainly think you should promptly get rid of all such highly speculative stocks as you name.

Q. E. D.—We cannot find that there is any market. You might ask the secretary if he knows of a buyer.

J. B.—We think that for the present you should hold all the mining shares. The bank shares will probably improve when tranquillity is quite restored.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALDERMAN HALSE'S ARMS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your contributor “X” in his amusing (albeit cynical) article on Snobbery makes merry with my name, among others of greater consideration, and states that the arms I use never belonged to the family from whom I claim to be descended.

Permit me to say that the arms which, after some years of non-user, I now use are almost identical with those of Bishop Halse (1459–1490) as engraved in Prince's “Worthies of Devon,” the standard authority on the genealogy of my county, published in 1701. “X,” who evidently knows much of his subject, had, I think, the means of knowing this. There have been variations in the arms. Thus, the Bishop's crest, “a mitre or,” not being *à propos* of non-ecclesiastics, one branch of the family adopted as the crest “a griffin, sejant, wings endorsed, ar.” (Robson's “British Heraldry,” 1830), and at some time the fesse in the Bishop's shield was changed to a chevron, whether authorized by a new grant or licence I am not aware ; but the device I use with the chevron came to me on a seal which certainly dates back to the last century ; and, although “X” considerably suggests that my claim to arms and descent is apocryphal, I may be permitted the vanity of preferring to use arms of ancient lineage, with such right thereto as circumstances warrant, rather than a brand-new article made to order at the College of Arms at the price of so many sovereigns. Further, I venture to think it no blemish on the escutcheon that descendants have been engaged in trade or professions, or that some may have had modest beginnings.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

R. C. HALSE.

P.S.—In course of time and devotion several branches of the family of Halse of Devon used the same arms as Bishop Halse, see “British Heraldry” (1830).

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I think Mr. Alderman Halse would have been wise to have afforded me no more definite information than was already in my possession.

Bishop Halse had no crest. Surely the learned Alderman does not imagine that the “mitre” was the

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Bishop's crest? If Mr. Halse will permit me to point out to him so elementary a fact, I would inform him that the mitre depicted over the Bishop's escutcheon is his sign of spiritual rank equivalent to the coronet of a temporal Peer. A mitre—I agree with him—is not "*à propos* of non-ecclesiastics." The Bishop's arms were "argent, a fesse between three griffins' heads erased sable." The coat-of-arms in which the *chevron* (which the Alderman uses) is substituted for the *fesse* is the escutcheon of William *Hales*, Sheriff of London in 1437. But it will be time enough to discuss the details and technicalities of the escutcheon when the question of descent has been satisfactorily established. Does the Alderman claim descent from Bishop Halse? I hope it is not news to him that prior to the Reformation the Bishops were celibate, or at any rate were supposed to be so? Is it kind of Mr. Halse to cast such an undeserved slur upon (shall I say?) his ancestor? May I take it that the claim Alderman Halse puts forward is that he descends from the Bishop? Another point I would call Mr. Halse's attention to is this. I have mentioned in my previous articles flagrant instances of assumption which only date back a year or two. Did it never occur to Mr. Halse that these unauthorized assumptions were being perpetrated one hundred years ago just as they are to-day? A seal even a century old is *no evidence of right*.

I have no intention of further commenting on "the vanity" the Alderman permits himself beyond the recommendation to revert to the "non-user" until such time as he may have proved his legitimate male descent from Philip Hals (the son of Thomas Hals of Hardwick in the county of Devon) who, according to Burke, recorded the arms of Halse at the Visitation of Devonshire in 1620.—Yours, &c.

X.

SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN ON THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

36 HALF MOON STREET, 16 November, 1896.

SIR,—The letters of Sir Lepel Griffin and Mr. William Digby in your two last issues are very interesting, presenting as they do such widely different aspects of famine and famine administration in India. Both gentlemen may be regarded as authorities on the question. Sir Lepel Griffin has himself explained his official connexion with famine relief in past periods of scarcity, and Mr. Digby obtained, for a non-official, an unrivalled knowledge of the same when acting as Secretary of the Relief Fund during the last great famine in Southern India. I do not wish to comment on the controversy between them; but it seems to me that the second paragraph of Sir Lepel Griffin's reply in your last issue, in which he elaborates his statement that "famine is the reply of Nature to early marriage and an increase of twenty millions of population in ten years," deserves more attention than it is likely to receive from readers in this country. The Abbé Dubois, who spent thirty years amongst the natives of India, living as nearly as possible as they did, adopting their food, their dress, and most of their social customs, and holding hardly any intercourse with Europeans, remarks in the monumental work on the Hindus which he compiled during that long period:—"Some modern political economists have held that a progressive increase in the population is one of the most unequivocal signs of a country's prosperity and wealth. In Europe this argument may be logical enough, but I do not think it can be applied to India: in fact, I am persuaded that as the population increases, so in proportion do want and misery. For this theory of the economists to hold good in all respects the resources and industries of the inhabitants ought to develop equally rapidly; but in a country where the inhabitants are notoriously apathetic and indolent, where customs and institutions are so many insurmountable barriers against a better order of things, and where it is more or less a sacred duty to let things remain as they are, I have every reason to feel convinced that a considerable increase in the population should be looked upon as a calamity rather than as a blessing. It is in the nature of things that in times of peace and tranquillity, when the protection of a just Government is afforded

both to persons and property, that an increase in the population of India should take place at an alarming rate, since it is an indisputable fact that no women in the world are more fruitful than the women of India, and nowhere else is the propagation of the human race so much encouraged. In fact, a Hindu only marries to have children, and the more he has the richer and the happier he feels."—Your obedient servant,

HENRY BEAUCHAMP,
Editor of the "Madras Mail."

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

UNIVERSITY CLUB, BALTIMORE,

9 November, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—Professor Goldwin Smith, in an interesting letter on "The American Crisis," in the "Saturday Review" of 31 October, says:—

"I witnessed the second election of Lincoln in the midst of civil war. On that occasion the mob at Baltimore . . . made a riot," &c.

This is a mistake. There was no riot or disturbance in Baltimore when Lincoln was re-elected, on 8 November, 1864, receiving in this city nearly 15,000 votes, against less than 3,000 for his Democratic opponent. At that time the Republicans had complete control of the city government, including the police force, and the United States troops quartered here were ready to help the city authorities in case of need. The smallness of the Democratic vote is explained by the fact that in this State no Democrat, or person suspected of sympathizing with the South, was allowed to vote at this election without first taking a stringent test-oath.—Yours truly, FREDK. J. BROWN.

"BEET ROOT AND BOUNTIES."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

BRISTOL, 17 November, 1896.

SIR,—The thanks of all interested in the sugar industry are due to you for opening your columns to this important subject.

The views of your correspondents have been set forth in the most able manner, their soundness admits of no question, but they will pardon me if I doubt whether this could be put into practice.

No Government, however much they might sympathize, would dare to put on a countervailing duty—at least so long as the public are under the mistaken idea that they actually benefit by them—and should they attempt it, why the "free importers at any price"—the agents and middle-men, who make any income, however small, from the sale of foreign sugar, speculators and those desirous of making political capital—would move heaven and earth to wreck a measure, however just it might be.

But, Sir, is there not another way by which the end might be attained?—viz. by getting the powers themselves to abolish the bounties; the time seems at last ripe for this; that they are one and all heartily sick of them there is no doubt. Germany, Austria, and Belgium have over and over again expressed themselves as ready to do so at any time; whilst, when introducing the new French Sugar law (which I see has met with a reverse for the time) the Minister expressly limited its action to two years, as during that time he hoped a Conference on the subject would be held.

Why cannot this Conference be brought about forthwith? It seems to me to be just one of those cases in which, although the parties themselves are unwilling to make the first advances, they would welcome the good offices of any one who would play the part of a peacemaker. Of course, our own Government should do this; but if they refused to do so openly, still the resources of diplomacy are surely not exhausted; and the Dutch or Belgians might be induced to do so. Surely there are influential men in England who could and would work to this end if it was only brought before them, aided by what are left of our own refiners and East and West Indian estate owners. How is it these latter are so silent? Is all the spirit knocked out of them?—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

WILLIAM HARDCastle.

REVIEWS.

THE SEVEN SEAS.

"The Seven Seas." By Rudyard Kipling. London : Methuen & Co. 1896.

A NEW volume of poems by Mr. Rudyard Kipling is an apparition of very considerable moment. It can hardly be questioned that among English-speaking authors of less than thirty-five years of age he is by a neck and shoulders the most prominent. His vitality and force are so extraordinary that they sweep the goddess of Criticism off her legs. A new book of Mr. Kipling's is received nowadays by a throng of eulogistic reviewers whose unanimity would do credit to a chorus at the opera. There is no doubt that Mr. Kipling, who is as adroit as he is masterful, encourages and determines this choral burst of praise. We do not for a moment mean to suggest that he leads the *claque* in any secret way (he is far too big a personage for that), but he very astutely lays down the line which the reviews are to take in discussing his published writings. In the present volume, for instance, the cynical reader will turn to a little group of literary allegories with peculiar pleasure.—"The Last Rhyme of True Thomas," "In the Neolithic Age," "The Story of Ung," "The Three-Decker"—all excessively clever and all written to instruct the reviewer what he is to say, to tell him what his attitude must be. He is to insure the creator, the manly maker of music, who "sings of all we fought and feared and felt," against "criticism," by which Mr. Kipling invariably means malignant and envious attack, since no other form of critical analysis seems ever to have occurred to him. The public likes this defiant attitude, and the great majority of the reviewers are abashed by it. The consequence is that Mr. Kipling is now on the verge of finding himself able to put off the English world with anything he likes, however blunt and ragged and undistinguished. "There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays," he shouts over and over again. No, dear Mr. Kipling, there is only one way, that which "all your great forefathers used, from Homer down to Ben." (We beg pardon, it is now spelt "Omer.") You had mastered that way once. How have you unlearned it?

Mr. Kipling appreciates a Scriptural reference, and we venture to draw his attention to a dread example of ancient criticism. When the angels of the Seven Churches of Asia were summoned before the Spirit of the Apocalypse, he reviewed them with stringent rectitude. At such a bar even Mr. Kipling would hesitate before he spoke of "the nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays." If we may venture with reverence to push on the parallel, at this lower level, we shall not dream of comparing the poet with Laodicea or with Sardis or even with Thyatira, but we do think that the words spoken to Ephesus might recall him to a sense of his position. He is this and that and the other, he possesses splendid gifts and qualities, but he has "forgotten his first love," his early artist's passion for pure and beautiful writing. His work, as revealed in the new volume, has still great and attractive merits, of which we will now proceed to speak without stint, but—the author has "forgotten his first love."

If our mission at this moment were to attract a neglectful world to the study of Mr. Kipling's "Seven Seas," it would be an easy and agreeable task to do so. His imperial spirit, embracing the world of English-speaking races, is as wide as ever. The richness of his vocabulary knows no exhaustion; his contempt for conventional tradition in style is buoyant and refreshing; at his best he displays no reduction of the power to pour forth verbal melody of an enchanting kind. Of the Kipling who can write

"Twas nodding grass and naked sky,
'Twas blue above and bent below,
Where, checked against the wastrel wind,
The red deer belled to call his doe,"

we can scarcely bring ourselves to hint a fault. His genius for entering into the sentiments and adopting the point of view of adventurous and unlucky persons, especially in remote countries, remains as extraordinary as ever. In such a stanza as this, where the Banjo

speaks, we find the quintessence of Mr. Kipling's genius :—

" Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—
I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man !
Let the trumpets snare the foeman to the proof—
I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran !
My bray ye may not alter nor mistake
When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things,
But the Song of Lost Endeavour that I make,
Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings ? "

And "The Last Chantey" may be taken as an almost perfect example of success in a species of poem where success seemed unattainable until Mr. Kipling came.

But Mr. Kipling's misfortune, and ours, is that he published four or five years ago a volume of verse in which all these qualities were illustrated in greater abundance and with much more purity than they are in "The Seven Seas." To ignore this would be to do less than a critic's duty. "There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays," are there? Well, that may be so; but we are now considering Mr. Kipling's one way. It is a question of execution. With Mr. Kipling's theories of style we have no quarrel whatever; that was settled long ago. It was a new thing to have an entirely serious and imaginative Oriental love-poem constructed in Tommy Atkins's language; but "Mandalay" showed, once for all, that this could be done with absolute beauty and distinction. But having given us such examples as "Kabul River" and "Gunga Din," having sung the imitable ballad of the "King's Jest," having moved us to terror and pity with "Danny Deaver," Mr. Kipling has burned his ships; he has no longer the right to give us nothing but rough edges and awkward rhythms, extravagant violence of diction and mere pyrotechnics of profanity, on the ground that his themes exclude beautiful treatment. No, no, we reply, your themes were violent and your language rude in 1892, yet you contrived to make exquisite music with them. Why not in 1896?

We believe the fault lies more with the public than the poet. When hundreds of thousands of persons praise everything that a young man tosses to them, how is he to preserve his artistic integrity? But somebody must have the candour to recall him to it, or he is lost. We will deal first with the section of "Barrack-room Ballads" in the present volume. There are seventeen of them, as there were twenty in the volume of 1892, and we venture to say that if the thirty-seven were arranged in order of merit, fifteen out of the earlier book would undoubtedly be mentioned before it was the turn of one in the later book. If any reader questions this technical falling-off, let him set "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" against "The Jacket," "Mandalay" against "The Ladies," or "Loot" against "The Men that fought at Minden." The drop in each case is enormous. Of course, if Mr. Kipling's purpose no longer is to write beautiful and penetrating lyrics in dialect, but to indite little tracts in verse for the instruction of the War Office, well and good. "Back to the Army again" and the atrocious piece called "That Day" may be useful reading for the Duke of Devonshire. But these things must not be spoken of as literature or as poetry.

The rest of the new volume is better in every respect than this unfortunate section of "Barrack-room Ballads." Even here, however, it is impossible for an impartial critic to be satisfied with the condition of Mr. Kipling's style. His abuse of technical terminology has been steadily growing upon him. It marred one of the loveliest of his earlier poems, "There's a Whisper down the Field"; it has now reached the proportions of a mental disease, and, unless he checks it in time, it must end in the ruin of his work. That an exacter use of words, a larger vocabulary, was desirable, will easily be conceded, and that Mr. Kipling should extend his terminology was only a wholesome evidence of the persistence with which all vigorous writers hold by the romantic laws of 1798. But to run riot in the jargon of the shops is quite another thing, and Mr. Kipling, in his new volume, passes all bounds of moderation :—

"The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed-pump sobs and heaves,
And now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves :

Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings glimmering through the guides."

This is pure Jabberwocky, and if our "main eccentrics" are going to write in this kind of English, we shall have to give up reading them. Why not have "Hospital Hymns" like the following?

"The inspissated alkaloids with eczema contend,
But Heaven pursues the comatose, no bismuth can
befriend;
Spasmodic hydrocarbonates with tetanus combine
To whine thy cardiac meroblast, oh, molecule of
mine!"

The misfortune is that this excessive use of technical language lends only too ready a support to a danger which has always lurked in wait for Mr. Kipling—obscurity. He has so regrettable a tendency to turbid expression, to want of a lucid statement of his thought, that he ought to be very careful to use the clearest vocabulary. In a noble poem of his youth, "The English Flag," this quality of hardness, of obscurity arising from excessive conciseness and too rapid allusiveness, interfered with our enjoyment. It would be easy to point to examples of the same error, pushed to a further exaggeration, in the present volume. We do not, however, desire to dwell unduly on this, although we regret it, since a third or fourth careful reading aloud will usually illuminate the poet's meaning, when it is not obscured in his mind, but by his language. To recall Mr. Swinburne's brilliant distinction, it is proper rather to say that he is dark than that he is clouded.

Once more, we are constrained to be disagreeable. We regret a tendency to forms of speech which are perfectly artificial, and therefore rococo:

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!"

Who is supposed to say this? Tommy Atkins? If so, pray what does he know of Homer and the lyre and early Greek poetry? Or is it Mr. Kipling? If so, why does he not spell "Homer" with all its letters, like a man? Again, we are far indeed from pitting our knowledge of the British Army against Mr. Kipling's, but we ask (merely for information) whether common soldiers are in the habit of using the words "hermaphrodite," "cosmopolitan," "procrastinator," and "chrysanthemum"? Nothing is impossible in these days of higher education, and if this is local colour it is very interesting. But in that case we regret that these beautiful words should be misspelt "harumfrodite" and "cosmopolouse" and "procrastitute." These quaint forms seem to add nothing to the idea.

We will refrain from pouring any more drops of gall into "the cup that the Press is holding up in the enchanted Fleet Street forest," as Shelley might say. What, after all, does it matter?—for the public have determined that Mr. Kipling is delectable *en masse*, and will neither pick nor choose. But we have more hope of the poet than of the public. We compare him, not with any other writer, but with himself, and we cannot pretend that the load of 1896 hangs even with that of 1892. We see magnificent force and resonance, indomitable high spirits, extraordinary knowledge, and sympathies of the finest temper, but we cannot disguise from ourselves that the artist has retreated. "Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love."

A BOOK OF FRENCH MASKS.

"Le Livre des Masques." Par Remy de Gourmont. Paris: "Mercure de France." 1896.

THIS book of masks, which is indeed literally a book of masks, for the portraits of the thirty writers treated of are outlined by M. Vallotton in his black, illuminating way, contains the most careful, impartial and suggestive series of studies of the latest movement in French literature that has yet come to us from the other side of the Channel. The writer of it, M. Remy de Gourmont, is admirably fitted for such an undertaking. He is a man of great learning, the

writer of a volume on the Latin Christian poets, "Le Latin Mystique," which is a model of scholarly intelligence. He is a man of original talent, the writer of fantastically elaborate, heavily coloured, somewhat remote, but always significant, prose: "Le Pèlerin du Silence," for instance, in which we find that little masterpiece, "Le Château Singulier." He is a man who lives apart, belonging to none of the cliques, succumbing to none of the enthusiasms, which come and go with the briefness and the regularity of night and day, in that feverish, that too logical, world of Paris. He is a man of immense diligence, he reads everything, he has the invincible prejudice of the artist against bad art, and the artist's instinctive subtlety in divining good art.

These portraits, then, which concern only that Symbolist movement (using the word in its widest sense) which is the actual literary movement in France at the present day, group together, for the first time and very aptly, such writers, living and dead, young and old, known and unknown, as Verlaine, Huysmans, Adolphe Retté, Georges Eekhoud, Maeterlinck, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Jules Laforgue, Mallarmé, Saint-Pol-Roux; and they are brief, the largest being but ten pages; the writer, as he tells us, "n'ayant la prétention que de donner des indications, que de montrer, d'un geste du bras, la route." The charitable instinct of the bibliophile, however, has led him to give at the end of the book an invaluable bibliography of the works to which, in the nature of the case, only a passing reference can be made in the text. How subtly, with what brief and suggestive felicity, M. de Gourmont has carried out the task he has undertaken, we shall best indicate by a few carefully chosen quotations. Of Mallarmé, for instance, he says: "Ayant tué volontairement en lui la spontanéité de l'être impressionnable, les dons de l'artiste remplacèrent peu à peu en lui les dons du poète; il aimait les mots pour leur sens possible plus que pour leur sens vrai, et il les combinait en des mosaïques d'une simplicité raffinée." How true that is, and yet who had thought of saying just that before? Again, is not this equally fine as a piece of thinking and as a piece of writing? "Le talent d'un écrivain n'est souvent que la faculté terrible de redire en phrases qui semblent belles les éternelles clameurs de la médiocre humanité; des génies même, et gigantesques, comme Victor Hugo ou Adam de Saint-Victor, furent destinés à proférer d'admirables musiques dont la grandeur est de receler l'immense vacuité des déserts; leur âme est pareille à l'âme informe et docile des sables et des foules; ils aiment, ils songent, ils veulent les amours, les songes, les désirs de tous les hommes et de toutes les bêtes; poètes, ils crient magnifiquement ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être pensé." He sums up the whole flamboyant and contradictory genius of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, from whom the entire Symbolist movement takes its origin, under this picturesque figure: "C'est qu'il a rouvert les portes de l'au-delà closes avec quel fracas, on s'en souvint, et par ces portes toute une génération s'est ruée vers l'infini. La hiérarchie ecclésiastique nombre parmi ses clercs, à côté des exorcistes, les portiers, ceux qui doivent ouvrir les portes du sanctuaire à toutes les bonnes volontés; Villiers cumula pour nous ces deux fonctions; il fut l'exorciste du réel et le portier de l'idéal."

This criticism, it will be seen, is far from the literary cataloguing which so often passes under its name, and which is so much more acceptable to the general reader, who requires not thought but information. It is a criticism of primary ideas, the only kind of criticism, when one considers it, that is really worth writing. A critic may tell us that So-and-so has written a charming book, that it is the best of his charming books, that it is better or worse than another book by another writer with whom we see no necessity to compare him, that it is, in short, an "addition to literature"; well and good, here is some one's opinion, perhaps right, perhaps wrong; not very important if right, not easy to disprove if wrong. But let him tell us, in noting the precise quality of "A Rebours," and its precise divergence from the tradition of Naturalism: "Il ne s'agissait plus tant de faire entrer dans l'art, par la représentation, l'extériorité brute, que de tirer de cette

extériorité même des motifs de rêve et de surrévélation intérieure"; let him tell us, in discussing the question of literary sincerity, that a certain writer "est sincère, non parce qu'il avoue toute sa pensée, mais parce qu'il pense tout son aveu"; has he not added to the very substance of our thought, or touched that substance with new light? Such is the quality of M. de Gourmont's criticism.

IMPOSSIBLE LOYALTIES.

"The Traditional Text of the Holy Gospels." Vindicated and Established by the late Dean Burdon. Arranged, completed, and edited by Rev. Edward Miller, M.A. London : George Bell & Sons. 1896.

ONE of the most offensive passages in the life of the late Dr. Hort is the author's statement (ii. 241) that Hort would not answer Burgeson's challenges, because the latter was not equal to him in knowledge, nor qualified to review the Hortonian inductive theory. Whatever angry words Dr. Hort may have written to his wife, he would have been the last to allow such impertinences to be published in his name. It may be that the gallant Dean was contending with an impossible loyalty for a vanished faith; but it is childish to suppose that the champion of the *textus receptus* was not in possession of at least as many facts, to put it gently, as the co-author of the *textus rejiciendus*. Dean Burgeson had a delightful style; and he wielded the pen of a ready writer, with which he did no small execution upon the works of revisers, reconstructors, and upholders of the uncial fetishes. It is a hit below the belt for his literary inferiors to pretend that he lacked knowledge.

This book is one of the best justifications which scholars can have, not for sticking to the *textus receptus*, which Burgon himself greatly amended, but for avoiding New Testament textual criticism altogether, for a generation at least, until it shall be more clearly decided how the new Egyptian oracles are to be understood. Then, again, there is a vast debatable land to be traversed in the patristic writers, whose text must be more certainly fixed before an appeal to their evidence can carry conviction. Very much of Dean Burgon's appeal to patristic authority would be greatly strengthened if it were not for the insecure feeling we have, that the text of many of these writers would warp towards the received text, and not *vice versa*. Then, again, it seems to be hardly proved, though still probable, that writing in general passed through an uncial epoch. On that question we must again wait for new Egyptian discoveries. It would certainly be awkward for the mere manuscript men if the uncials proved to be not the fathers, but only the younger cousins, of the cursive. On the other hand, the ordinary person is much more impressed with the quiet tone of the uncial men than with the everlasting boast of Burgon and Mr. Miller that they are standing upon rocks. They squirt their gall and vinegar rather too nervously and vindictively at the men whom they declare to be merely floundering in quicksands, but whom they evidently believe to be undermining their rocks and disproving their lessons. This book is therefore well worth reading, not because it will convince, but because it will help the reader in all coolness to suspend all judgment. The Bishop of Durham no doubt will not answer it; partly because its morsels are seasoned with a little red pepper, and partly because the Vatican and Sinaitic manuscripts are really somewhat less valuable than they were. Of course it must appear poisonous advice to some readers to suggest that we should patiently wait without adhering to any text, save very provisionally, because so many people despair of theology, and addict themselves to tickle points of textual niceness instead; and to such people it will seem that they are being smoked out of their last cave of refuge, and driven upon their enemies' guns. Perhaps that is so; and Dean Burgon's efforts are not without their effect if they drive the Hortists into a reasonable and steady scepticism as to the possibility of now attaining to anything like a certainty about the text of any New Testament autograph. It is not the victory which the valiant Dean hoped for, but then we seldom get the prize for which we do real battle.

CONCERNING MILITARY LAW.

"A Tabular Précis of Military Law, with Explanatory Notes." By Captain A. D. Furse (late 2nd W.I. Regiment). London : Macmillan & Co., Limited. 1896.

TIME was when the few men who studied military law read Simmons and understood something of the spirit as well as the technicalities of military procedure. It must be admitted that there were only a very small number of such officers to be found, for reading did not square well with the ideas as to amusements and leave of absence which governed our army thirty years ago. There were then no examinations worth speaking of to be faced, and a very little learning went a long way. A man who could readily turn up the section which contained the oath administered to the president and members of a court-martial was regarded with respect, while any one sufficiently conversant with procedure to repeat it by heart figured as a veritable pundit. We have changed all that long ago, however, and the subaltern who wishes to be a captain, or the captain who aspires to a majority, must pass through an ordeal which demands serious pains and attention. The official manual of law is a well-arranged and excellent work, but in these days of summer drills, manoeuvres, and winter marches there is no time to master a work so voluminous—not, at least, if the British officer is to be true to his traditions (may Heaven forfend that he should ever be otherwise!), and spend some hours daily in field sports or athletic exercises. How many fine young fellows would fail to satisfy the curiosity of certain examiners were it not for a merciful providence which has come to their assistance, it is impossible to tell. But fortunately the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and the crammer appears as a *deus ex machina* when matters in the examination halls are looking most menacing. Colonel Pratt's excellent little book for a long time has attracted most popular favour, and we are glad to note that Captain Furse has no ambition to contest its supremacy. But as examining grew, cramming has had to keep pace with it. Simmons's book was too long and too general in its principles for most people. The Army Act brought with it the official manual. That soon was found too voluminous for a man who had to get up the answers to likely questions in a hurry. So Pratt appeared in due course. Now the pressure has still further increased: more is demanded from the unhappy examinees, and there is less time than ever for reading. Captain Furse, therefore, comes bravely in to supplement Pratt, even as Pratt supplemented the manual. Whether the system which necessitates "tabular" and such like précis is a good one we shall not here consider. The state of things makes cramming a necessity, and the demand has called forth the supply. Captain Furse's book will be extremely useful even to those who already possess Colonel Pratt's, and it lends itself well to self-examination, by which knowledge is most effectively tested at odd moments. A second part contains notes on matters which may require more explanation than space in the earlier portion of the work will allow of. For brevity and condensation are the objects aimed at, and the tables are rendered so compact that the student "may grasp the contents of each portion at a glance without need of turning over a leaf." The author, perhaps, is a racing man and has been inspired by the success of that well-known little compendium sold at all bookstalls under the title "Form at a Glance." The art of cramming has been indeed reduced to nicety when the labour of turning over pages is obviated! What more can a candidate desire, and can learning be rendered by any means more easy? We imagine future victims will reply by a liberal purchase of this book, and they will doubtless be well satisfied with their bargain when they have done so. The question rather is whether our Horse Guards authorities will be equally well pleased with a system which makes men need such aid, and which has been brought about by the rabid zest for "certificates," which frequently forces pedants and bookworms to the front at the expense of practical brother officers. But, after all, in this respect soldiering is no worse than any other trade.

21 November, 1895

THE FLORENCE OF SULLA.

"Reliquie di Firenze Antica." L. A. Milani. Tipografia della R. Accademia dei Lincei. 1895.

THEY are colonists who have borne themselves pompously and insolently by reason of their unthought-for and sudden riches. Using their wealth in building . . . they have run so deeply into debt, that to save them Sulla must be raised from the dead." Thus does Cicero (Cat. II.) inveigh against the inhabitants of Sulla's colonies, with especial reference to C. Manlius, leader in Catiline's camp under the heights of Fiesole. Now this C. Manlius, the Mallius of whom Dio Cassius speaks as being Sulla's ablest man of war and most extravagant of his great wealth, took the lead, says Professor Milani, in the colony which Sulla's veterans settled in the ancient Italic town that had been, for two centuries past, a flourishing (Florentia, Florence) Roman outpost. He obtained the lion's share in the spoil, and the buildings he erected were so splendid as fully to justify the character he has received from Cicero and Dio Cassius.

Manlius's doings, ruinous as they may have been to himself, have afforded Professor Milani the material necessary to the reconstruction of a very important chapter in Florentine history. It was already known that there must have existed fine Roman edifices beneath the site of the mass of mediæval buildings that covered the centre of Florence, round the Mercato Vecchio. Villani speaks of the magnificent Campidoglio after the Roman manner which Marzio (read Manlio or Mallio) caused to be erected there; there was a mediæval church known as S. M. in Campidoglio; and blocks of marble used in the construction of the Baptistry and of S. Miniato had already attracted the attention of experts as having been evidently quarried from Roman buildings. The opportunity afforded by the overthrowing and rebuilding of the centre of Florence was therefore eagerly seized on; the digging requisite for laying the foundations of the new buildings took on the character of excavation, and the results, published by Professor Milani in the "Monumenti Antichi" of the Lincei, have left Sulla's spendthrift centurion hero of the day.

On the highest point of Florentia, then, C. Manlius, mindful, as Professor Milani suggests, of his ancestor's exploits in defending the Capitol, built a magnificent temple to the Capitoline Jove, in imitation of the one which Sulla was rebuilding at Rome. He built it on a lofty platform, which he supported on walls three yards two feet in thickness and in height; and he made steps of white marble by which to approach it. In accordance with the Etruscan augural laws, the temple faced due east. Its area was about twenty-eight yards by thirty-three yards, of which half was dedicated to the *cellæ*. These were three in number: the broader, middle one for Jupiter, with that of Minerva on the left, and of Juno on the right. The shape of the edifice was hexagonal; hexagonal, too, the plinth of the marble altar sculptured with oak leaves, acorns and filleted *boucrania*, and with a cornice of egg and dart ornamentation. The architecture was of the Corinthian order, like that of the newly rising temple at Rome; but among the acanthus leaves of the capitals of the pillars rose a bilobed flower, similar to that of the modern Florentine lily. For the materials, Manlius rejected the native stone hitherto used in the Roman buildings in favour of the more expensive white marble which had just begun to be quarried at Luna. Altogether, the Campidoglio must have been a most costly building. Round it there rose stately villas with marble columns and stuccoed ceilings; close by were the baths, with extensive subterranean passages; not far off was the amphitheatre, in which marble was also largely used.

These marbles were used in later Roman times for repairing houses and baths, for making roads and drains; some of them have changed their religion, and have been used, and Professor Milani specifies several examples, in the construction of the Baptistry and of S. Miniato. The excavations have brought to light enough to prove the existence of sumptuous buildings dating from the times of Sulla, and to confirm

the belief of Mommsen and others that Florence, an Italic and Etruscan city (as is shown by the tombs brought to light), a Roman outpost as far back at any rate as the third century B.C. (Roman asses of that date are figured by Professor Milani), became, in the last century before our era, a colony of the veterans of Sulla. And for this last chapter of history we must thank the prodigality of C. Manlius.

The book contains a number of interesting illustrations—figures of Italic tombs and their contents; a useful plan showing the relative positions of the temple, baths, tombs, &c., that have been found, and their location beneath the streets of modern Florence; drawings of details of marble and stucco work, and especially of fragments of inscriptions in the fine, clear characters of the early empire. Professor Milani is an archaeologist who knows how to make dry bones live. His facts are disposed and catalogued with the most perfect method; but he does not stop short at their cataloguing and disposition. The breath of his enthusiasm puts life into them, knits them into an organic whole that appeals strongly to the historic sense of his hearers or his readers. So it is when he discourses in his museum of the Francois vase; so it is when he writes of the Florence of Sulla.

FICTION.

"A Splendid Sin." By Grant Allen. London: F. V. White & Co. 1895.

WE miss the "Hill Top" imprint from this volume; and we take it, therefore, that this volume has not been written in the "hill-top" spirit. Nevertheless, and indeed perhaps for that reason, it is a skilfully built, entertaining and amusing book, and its doctrine would have satisfied Plato, even if it raises the gorge of the respectable reviewer. It is not one's business to controvert Mr. Grant Allen's undeniably honest views on the question of marriage here. But we must warn the careful reader that his Splendid Sin is the selection by a lady married to an offensive drunkard of another father for her children. The drunken officer is particularly well and gaily done. Mr. Grant Allen's opinion of a clever young student's knowledge of biological problems is however startlingly low. In the face of Weismann's sustained attack on the inheritance of acquired characteristics, consider this utterance of a character presented as being well read in natural science.

Says one Hubert, "He has had delirium tremens, I can see, for years; and he's well on his way now to alcoholic insanity and creeping paralysis."

"That's bad," the concierge said.

"Yes, inherited," Hubert went on. "He has brought it on himself in large part, of course; but his ancestors had laid the seed of it before him. His children will develop it sooner than he; and his grandchildren will be born idiots or epileptics."

"You're a doctor, sir?" the concierge asked, eyeing him hard.

"Not exactly a doctor, but next door to it—a physiologist. I've spent three years in watching and studying these cases at a hospital. I know the type well. You take my word for it—if that man has a son, the son is doomed to insanity before thirty!"

The lady of the story still falls short of humanity; we must regretfully admit that Mr. Grant Allen has failed again with his heroine. In some respects Mr. Grant Allen is an amazingly young man—in this matter of heroines particularly. All youngsters starting out to write novels evolve their heroines out of their inner consciousness, *will* do so, though they have sisters, cousins, sweethearts, aunts, sisters-in-law, by the dozen to choose from; but most youngsters grow out of that kind of thing. So far Mr. Grant Allen has not done so. We must assure him that these upstanding figures, with their strictly symmetrical eyes, mouths, figures, and minds will not stir a soul. Is it too late to ask him to draw upon his experience—or, if he has never had any experience, to use living models? If he could start out with a little animus against his heroine it would be as well. He is clearly crippled by an exaggerated respect for his feminine ideal.

"Limitations." By E. F. Benson. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1896.

"His Honor and a Lady." By Sara Jeannette Duncan. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

WITH Mr. Benson as a student of manners we are already familiar; here we see him engaged in a different pursuit—the psychological drama. Manners, however, still play a large part. The half-smart conversation (which, by the way, often becomes with Mr. Benson a medium of expression and not merely a study), the little details about black ties and short coats, in fact life described for those who must performe be content to live without it—all this, dull and even irritating in Mr. Benson's hands, far exceeds the requirements of the drama. This drama, on the other hand, is a series of *clichés*. The danger of his wife and the approaching birth of his first son bring the pagan artist to a comprehension of his religious wife's devotion. Her ignorance of his art gives birth to the jealousy of a second woman who is more sympathetic. The necessity to win bread for wife and child drags the artist from his high ideals to work which he detests. This is highly reasonable, so reasonable indeed that we knew it all before. The word *cliché* connotes an undeserved and unintended sneer; we might call such things something else—skeletons, perhaps—and put the matter thus. The better class of writers (Shakspeare is a safe instance) do not reveal their skeletons. Their characters act and think before us in a manner which is as lifelike as it is beautiful and striking, and it is left for a member, let us say, of the late Browning Society to come fresh from "Andrea" and discover Shakspeare's skeletons. Both Shakspeare and Mr. Benson start with *clichés*. Shakspeare's *cliché* is a bare theme of mere action—A murders B. On this foundation he will weave characters and their motives. When it is done, we may, if it amuses us, remark that Hamlet possesses the artistic temperament. But when we have said this, we have said nothing; the declaration has not made the depicting of Hamlet's character one whit an easier achievement. The egoism of the artistic temperament, if this be the point in question, is the last, the supreme blossom, or rather the elusive scent that hangs over the growth of the living man. Mr. Benson, in company with so many of his contemporaries (for "Limitations" is essentially like fifty other novels), appears to begin where Shakspeare ended. The quintessence which he left for his commentators to discover and formulate, if they could, is Mr. Benson's obvious and initial *cliché*. He does not start with action, but with such abstractions as the artistic temperament, its need of sympathy, the struggle of art against wife, of ideals against bread, and he expects to weave characters and psychology on this. Of course he does nothing of the sort. Only very rarely are we struck and interested in watching his people act and think; there is no beautiful vision of actuality. And so, after a certain number of pages, we lose all confidence in Mr. Benson's power of interesting us, and then it is next to impossible to refrain from skipping. A reader will find his eye running down the pages. "Ah, yes, this is the art talk . . . and here is the baby and the church . . . and here a little more art business, and now comes his wife's want of sympathy, the illness of the baby, and . . . quite so." However, there are two good points about "Limitations." The characters do not change what general character they possess. And then for one moment the drama is almost impressive, and reveals a justification for two or three, though not two hundred, pages of half-smart talk. The earnest wife feels awkward, ill at ease, "uncultivated," when she listens to the flippant jargon of her husband's friends. Afterwards she tails off into the stereotyped presentment of a serious moral temperament, and our half-aroused interest sleeps again in security.

"His Honor and a Lady" is a most capable piece of work, and in direct contrast to "Limitations," for it displays just that indispensable grip of character and actuality that Mr. Benson lacks. Mrs. Everard Cotes's characters walk upright on their own legs, and the story progresses with them. They do not stand still and expect the reader to listen while they talk, and

then jerk him on with a desperate leap over some yawning gap, only to halt again and parley while they take breath for their next leap—and so they are not in the least likely to continue their journey readerless, leaving the unfortunate hopelessly stuck in some extra big cleft. Their speech and their thoughts are to the purpose in every way, and command immediate attention. Mrs. Everard Cotes, in fact, has successfully accomplished what she set out to perform, while the unsuccessful are left to extract what solace they can from the thought that they attempted something bigger. It is but small comfort after all, for no man can claim a rag of distinction on the plea that he has wished to present a big problem. Nine out of ten writers have gone as far as wishing, and some fifty per cent. have gone further—and with singular unsuccess. Such highly reasonable world-problems as loom out of "Limitations" lie thicker than the dust on every writing-table, and the only excuse for the many skeleton novels that appear every month is that here and there a susceptible young author may swallow them as a fortifying dose against the insidious attractions of the abstract. The most fully drawn, and therefore (the consecutive adverb is praise in itself) the most successful, of Mrs. Cotes's figures is her bureaucrat Ancram. It is possible to imagine a collection of three or four epithets that would describe Mr. Benson's gentleman artist; half a column of adjectives would achieve little towards the portrayal of Ancram. He stands in Mrs. Cotes's book, and it is necessary to read what is written there in order to know what he is like. Her heroine, too, is successful in her way; but again it would be necessary to quote whole pages to show how well Mrs. Cotes has succeeded, though we especially remember the moment when Miss Daye "cast about her for the wherewithal to make the completest revelation of her cheaper qualities." "His Honor and a Lady" is one of those successful novels that share with the happy nation and the Periclean woman the distinction of affording little subject for comment. Yet it would be a mistake to give the impression that it was at all a great book. No reader can fall into the error, for the drama is on a patently small scale. The sense of smallness does not proceed from a lack of problems, but rather from the light mood in which the author does her work. She dissects Ancram with a pretty skill, and not unfairly; but her knife flashes about rather carelessly somewhat, and in her eyes is a suggestion of satisfied humour which hardly characterizes the serious and devoted operator. The want of softness, the dryness of tone, do not perhaps consort ill with a tale of Anglo-Indian life, since they reveal a trait that is eminently characteristic of a people that "can make a small state great and yet cannot fiddle." An Englishman is seldom free from a suspicion that the writing of fiction, though better than playing the fiddle, is just a little ridiculous, and if, like another Themistocles at the feast, he be desired to touch a lute, you may, unless he can plead a moral reason, remark a certain depreciation in the motion of his fingers.

MINOR FICTION.

"A Tragic Idyll." By Paul Bourget. London: Downey & Co. 1896.

PAUL BOURGET is probably better known to the English public than any French novelist, with the exception of Zola and perhaps "Gyp." Lacking, as he does, the brutality of the one and the humour of the other, the most striking feature of his work appears to us to be the inherent want of sympathy between French fiction (of all but the foremost rank) and our own, and the incredible difference in the outlook on human nature. The sole object of living, to every one of his creations, is love-making. True, a financier is introduced, labelled as such. We are assured that he is absorbed in money-getting. But the assurance has to suffice. We do not see him, as Balzac would have shown him, saturated with the spirit of greed. On the contrary, the one moment when he takes on flesh and blood is that in which he makes "dishonourable proposals" to one of the female characters. She, again, has no existence but as a "virtuous woman." Her virtue is insisted on whenever her name is mentioned. In every other way, manner and millinery apart, she counts for nothing. Some shading is conceded to the picture of the heroine. The supremely interesting fact that she has human passions, and the catalogue of her *amours*, are qualified by occasional

analysis of motive; but never do her thoughts stray beyond the "caressing atmosphere" which surrounds her lovers. It is this entire absence of any healthy stir in the air, far more than the actual animalism of the feelings described, that nauseates the sturdier taste. To write in kid gloves for the benefit of the Young Person is one thing; to recognize the man and woman of normal type as creatures possessed by a hundred conflicting interests and impulses, and not as eternally languishing in stress of amorousness, is surely another.

"A Quaker Grandmother." By the Author of "A Yellow Aster." London : Hutchinson & Co. 1896.

"Iota" has abandoned her two temptations—to raise a cheap laugh through caricature and to shock by printing the obvious unprintable. "A Quaker Grandmother" is decent and not overdrawn. There is an evident struggle after serious character-delineation and a desire to avoid upholstery and get at the centre of things. Unfortunately, however praiseworthy such effort may be in an author, it overreaches itself when it acts upon the characters and makes their daily intercourse a series of strenuous soul-searches and their every casual word the cloak of some emotion. Robbie, the devoted husband, the only fool in the book, comes as a positive relief after the oppressively clever people for whose foil he is intended. It may be trivial to record that men discuss the weather and help themselves to beef, but it is wearing to be compelled to give their every utterance a careful hearing, lest we miss something of most subtle significance. The heroine is within an ace of becoming a bore from sheer elaboration. A neat gift of humour saves her and lightens the whole book. Harry Tryng is excellent. The hero is quite bearable. Plot there is none, but scattered incidents hold the characters together in a more or less satisfactory manner.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

- Architectural Review, No. 1.
 Art Journal, The (1896).
 Australian Writers (Desmond Byrne). Bentley.
 Auto-Cars (D. Farman). Whittaker.
 Barrack and Battlefield (Walter Wood). Hurst and Blackett.
 Book-buyers, The (November).
 Bouvard and Pécuchet (D. F. Hennigan). H. S. Nichols.
 British Almanac, The (1897). Charles Letts & Co.
 Cairn Fifty Years Ago (E. W. Lane). Murray. 6s.
 Career of Candide, The (G. Paston). Chapman & Hall. 6s.
 Carriages without Horses shall go. Whittaker. 2s.
 Cassell's Family Magazine.
 Chariot of the Flesh, The (Hedley Peake). Lawrence & Bullen. 6s.
 Charm, The (Besant and Pollock). Chatto & Windus. 6s.
 Children's Hour, The (May Bateman). Simpkin. 2s.
 Comedies of Courtship (Anthony Hope). Innes & Co.
 Country Vicar, Letters of (M. Gordon-Holmes). Heinemann.
 Crown of Gold, A (Albert Hardy). Digby, Long. 6s.
 Cyathia (2 vols.) (Leonard Merrick). Chatto & Windus. 20s.
 Dangerous Conspirator, A (G. Newgate). Jarrold. 6s.
 Differential Calculus, Elements of (E. W. Bass). Chapman & Hall. 17s.
 Dittersdorf, Karl von. Autobiography of (A. D. Coleridge). Bentley.
 Dream of Mr. H. : The Herbalist, The (H. Miller). Blackwood. 2s. 6d.
 Dunthorpe of Westleigh, The (Cristian Lysk). Downey. 6s.
 Every Inch a Sailor (Gordon Stables). Nelson. 5s.
 Evolution of a Wife (The E. Holland). John Milne. 6s.
 Fairy Tales from Island (E. R. Christie). Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.
 Farewell Dishonour, The (E. M. Pidgeon). Jarrold.
 For Duty's Sake (M. Douglas). Jarrold. 2s. 6d.
 Forum, The (November).
 French Book-plates (W. Hamilton). Bell & Sons.
 Garden of Time, The (Mrs. Davidson). Jarrold.
 Gentleman's Gentleman, A (Max Pemberton). Innes & Co.
 Geometry and Mensuration (H. D. Thompson). Macmillan. 6s.
 Germany (H. F. Krock). Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.
 Gospel for an Age of Doubt, The (H. Van Dyke). Macmillan. 8s. 6d.
 Green Men of Dorwell, The (M. C. Rowell). Simpkin, Marshall. 2s.
 Gun, The (W. W. Greener). Cassell & Co.
 Guns and Shooting, A Biblio. of (Wirt Gerrard). Roxburghe Press. 10s. 6d.
 Habit and Instinct (C. Lloyd Morgan). Arnold. 16s.
 Harold the Norseman (Fred Whishaw). Nelson. 2s. 6d.
 Half Round the World for a Husband (May Crommelin). Unwin. 6s.
 Happy Owls, The (Th. Van Hoytema). Henry & Co.
 Hebrew Monarchy, The (Andrew Wood). Eyre & Spottiswoode.
 Hodgson Brian Houghton, Life of (Sir W. W. Hunter). Murray. 14s.
 Holiday Tasks (M. H. Debenham). Jarrold.
 In Golden Shackles (Alien). Hutchinson. 6s.
 In the West Country (F. A. Knight). Simpkin, Marshall.
 India, Fifty Years' Reminiscences of (Colonel Pollock). Arnold. 2s. 6d.
 In Town (Christmas Number).
 Iron Analysis, Tables for (J. A. Allen). Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d.
 Italy (K. Baedeker). Dulau & Co.
 King for a Summer (Edgar Pickering). Hutchinson. 5s.
 Kipling Birthday Book, The (Jos. Firth). Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
 Kitchen Maid, The (M. F. Guilleard). Constable. 3s. 6d.
 Letters to Young Shooters (Sir R. Payne-Gallwey). Longmans. 12s.
 Life and Labour of the People in London, Vol. VIII. (C. Booth). Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
 Liquid Vein, Experiments upon the Contraction of the (H. Basin). Chapman & Hall. 8s. 6d.
 Locomotive Mechanism and Engineering (H. C. Regan). Chapman & Hall. 8s. 6d.
 Louis XIV. Sampson Low. 52s. 6d.
 Madame Lambelle (Gustave Toudouze). Whittaker.
 Merry Girls of England (L. T. Meade). Cassell. 3s. 6d.
 Metric System, The (W. H. Wagstaff). Whittaker. 3s. 6d.
 Mistress Spitfire (J. S. Fletcher). Dent. 4s. 6d.
 Monasticism (F. C. Woodhouse). Gardner, Darton.
 Moore's Almanac, The, 1897. C. Letts & Co.
 My Schools and School Masters (Hugh Miller). Nimmo.
 Naples and the Campana, Stories of (Charles Grant). Macmillan. 6s.
 North American Review, The (November).
 Nursing, A Text-book of. Ed. Arnold. 2s. 6d.
 Nicholas Breakspeare (A. H. Harleton). Hatchards.
 On the Broads (A. B. Dodd). Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
 Palladion (Mrs. H. Fraser). Macmillan. 6s.
 Pall Mall Magazine (Christmas Number). 1s.
 Parade, The, 1897. Henry & Co.
 Paths of Poverty, The (W. H. Roberts). Westminster Palace Press.
 Piebald Horse, The (Arthur Burrell). Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.
 Poems (S. Waddington). Bell & Sons.
 Political Economy, Dictionary of, Vol. II. (E. H. I. Palgrave). Macmillan.
 Posters in Miniature. John Lane. 5s.
 Practical Statutes, 1896 (J. S. Cotton). Horace Cox. 21s.

- Prehistoric Man and Beast (H. N. Hutchinson). Smith, Elder. 20s. 6d.
 Prometheus Bound (E. B. Browning). Ward, Lock. 2s. 6d.
 Psychic Vigil, A (X Rays). Allen & Co. 3s. 6d.
 Rhymes from a Rhyming Forge (Evans the Song-Smith). Cornish. 5s.
 Ruling Classes, Vol. IX. (Robert Campbell). Stevens.
 Schiller's Life of the Bell (A. G. Foster-Barham). Fisher Unwin. 6s.
 Shades and Shadows and Perspective, A Text-book on (J. E. Hill). Chapman & Hall. 8s. 6d.
 Shakespeare's Heroines (Mrs. Jameson). Newnes. 2s. 6d.
 Shapes in the Fire (M. P. Shiel). John Lane. 3s. 6d.
 Siberia, The New (Harry de Windt). Chapman & Hall. 14s.
 Sintram and his Companions and Undine (De la Motte Fouqué). Gardner, Darton.
 Socialism and Capitalism (R. Jenks-Shee). Longmans. 6s.
 Sociology, The Principles of, Vol. III. (H. Spencer). Williams & Norgate.
 Something New (A. C. Colling). Bellairs. 1s.
 Squid and his Friends (E. Everett-Green). Nelson. 2s. 6d.
 Stories of Pluck and Peril for Boys (A. H. Miles). Hutchinson. 5s.
 Stories of Pluck and Peril for Girls (A. H. Miles). Hutchinson. 5s.
 Story of Alline, The (Mrs. E. Ridley). Chapman & Hall. 6s.
 Swiss Family Robinson, The (E. A. B. Hodgetts). Newnes. 10s. 6d.
 Theatre Fires and Panics (W. P. Gerhard). Chapman & Hall. 6s.
 Theism, Philosophy of (A. C. Fraser). Blackwood. 2s. 6d.
 There was Once a Prince (M. E. Mann). Henry & Co.
 Transformers (Gisbert Kapp). Whittaker.
 Tuttlebury Tales, The (W. Carter Platts). Digby, Long. 2s. 6d.
 Tyrants of Koal Sim, The (J. M. Cobban). Henry & Co.
 Ugly Man, The (by the Author of "A House of Tears"). Downey & Co. 2s. 6d.
 Wagner's Heroines (Constance Maud). Edward Arnold. 5s.
 Wallis, Severn Teakle, Writings of, 3 vols. Murphy & Co.
 Web of an Old Weaver, The (J. K. Snowden). Sampson Low. 5s.
 When Arnold Comes Home (M. E. Mann). Henry & Co.
 Worms, Rotifers, and Polyzoa. Macmillan. 17s.
 Wymps (Evelyn Sharp). John Lane.

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F. V. DICKINS, M.B., B.Sc., Registrar.

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BOVRIL: THE FOOD FOR THE MILLION.

THILLING and romantic as are the annals of finance, it would be well-nigh impossible to discover therein an episode or a chapter more abounding with interest than that which has reference to the invention of Bovril, to the amazing and firm hold which it has gradually taken on the public, and to Mr. Hooley's recent purchase of the huge enterprise in order to convert it into a much larger joint-stock company. It is almost incredible that the genius of one man should have been able, in the brief space of half-a-dozen years, to so impress the quality of his speciality upon the public mind as to place it in the actual forefront of the innumerable articles of food which crowd our diet-calendar. It was left for Mr. J. Lawson Johnston to accomplish all this, and more—for what the able and justly honoured savant, Liebig, confessed publicly and regrettably he could not do, the legitimate successor of the great German chemist has unquestionably achieved.

Half the money expended in the world goes to purchase food, yet there is no subject on which so much ignorance prevails. We understand how to feed cattle, pigs, and poultry, but not how to feed ourselves. It is not of much use to tell the average man that his daily diet should furnish him with the equivalent to 3,500 calories of potential energy and 120 grammes of water-free proteins, besides mineral matter; that these should be presented to the digestive organs in a form suited to their capacity, and that if they are not assimilated they will do harm instead of good. Those who take no thought as to the suitability of their food are sure to suffer for their carelessness. The science of dietetics should guide us in maintaining a sufficient supply of food in sufficient proportion and in a sufficiently available form. The faith which hitherto has been placed in beef-tea as an important element in the dietary of the sick has received a rude shock, for beef-tea alone will not sustain life. It certainly gives results which are not obtainable from any other form of diet, but beef proper and the expressed moisture from beef are two very different things. Beef-tea is the most natural and best stimulant; it helps digestion and improves the flavour of other foods; but besides the stimulus of beef-tea must have the albumen and fibrine, which directly repair the waste of the human system. It will surprise many people to be told that the great Liebig himself, writing in the "Lancet" thirty years ago, said:—"Were it possible to furnish the market at a reasonable price with a preparation of meat combining in itself the albuminous together with the extractive principles, such a preparation would have to be preferred to the *extractum carnis*, for it would contain *all* the nutritive constituents of meat." Baron Liebig, whose name English people will always hold in grateful recollection, went on to say:—"I have before stated that in preparing the extract of meat the albuminous principles remain in the residue; they are lost to nutrition, and this is certainly a great disadvantage." The albumen and fibrine contained in Bovril are procured from fresh beef; when reduced to a very fine powder they are added to a specially prepared extract of beef. The great point to be noted here is the infinitesimal subdivision of the particles. Thus the difficulty of digestion is mechanically anticipated by enormously multiplying the surfaces of contact and increasing the permeability of the digestive fluids, so furnishing the perfection of nourishment with the least possible expenditure of vital energy. These constituents are prepared at the Bovril factories in the Argentine Republic and in Australia, and are blended, under the scientific supervision of Mr. William Elliott Johnston, at the London premises of the Bovril Company.

In view of the recent purchase of the Bovril Company's business by Mr. Hooley for the sum of two millions sterling, and of the immediate re-launching of the undertaking with a capital commensurate with the magnitude of its trade, some details of the manner in which Bovril is prepared for the world's consumption should prove specially interesting. It may seem almost superfluous to record the fact that Bovril is made of the finest ox-beef which South America, Australia, and other countries can produce. Mr. G. Lawson Johnston, the inventor's son and understudy, has just returned from an eight months' sojourn in the Argentine, where he has been engaged in the organisation of increased facilities for increased production, rendered necessary to cope with the ever-increasing demand. No particular merit is claimed for the actual extract of beef prepared by the Bovril Company in Argentina; it is neither better nor worse than any other, except some improvement in the matter of flavour. The difference consists in the subsequent development of and the addition to this extract. It is instructive to note that in pre-Bovril days the hundreds of thousands of oxen which travellers through South America marvelling at as the great droves of cattle wended their slow way to the *saldaderas* of the Argentine and Uruguay Republics were slaughtered merely for the sake of their hides and tallow! Immediately the oxen are killed now, the bulk of the superfluous fat and bone is removed, and the beef, finely chopped, is placed into huge vats of cold water. The decoction is next strained and concentrated in a most elaborate manner until it becomes a paste—in other words, the extract of meat with which we are all familiar. This extract consists of the soluble salts of flesh, which give meat its flavour and odour. It is not a food, but simply a nerve-stimulant possessed of the power of evoking latent vitality. The popular fallacy that extract of meat and beef-tea are nutrients has been the deplorable cause of many thousands of deaths by starvation. It should be known to all that it is only a stimulant and a tonic that extract of meat is useful—in fact, as an adjunct to nutritious foods.

To employ an apt and easily comprehended illustration of Mr. Lawson Johnston's, "beef tea" is poker, nourishment is fuel, and heat can no more be obtained from a poker than the body can be maintained on ordinary extract of meat or "beef-tea." What is wanted for the fire is fuel; what is wanted for the body are the ingredients of which the body is composed, and they are the aforesaid albumen and fibrine. There is fibrine in grass, but we have not time to eat it, even if we could assimilate it. Nature, however, has come to our assistance, here and elsewhere, and has elaborated a process by which the ox chews the grass at his leisure and supplies us with the perfected albumen and fibrine minus the waste which the grass contains. The beef made for us by the ox is chemically the same as the flesh of our own body. It may be regarded as fluid and solid. The fluid holds in suspension a variety of ingredients which give to the beef flavour and odour. The solid is muscular tissue, &c., which, in cooked meat, contains the entire protein or flesh-forming constituents of the meat.

The fluid is beef-tea, or, when concentrated, it is extract of beef; the solid is albumen and fibrine, and the combination is Bovril. To produce the albumen and fibrine the lean of the best ox is selected, from which are separated all tendon, cartilage, fat, and other waste. There is necessarily much waste before a pound of this elaborated beef is obtained. After the evaporation of the water (of which lean beef contains about 75 per cent.) the albumen and fibrine are produced in a granulated form, and are forwarded in hermetically sealed tins to London, where they are converted into the Bovril of commerce.

Enormously as the Bovril business has expanded, the ruling spirits of the vast enterprise have only as yet touched the fringe of the possibilities which are open to them abroad as well as at home, and not only in respect of Bovril itself, but also in their comparatively new departure devoted to scientific dietetics for military, expeditionary, and hospital purposes.

The question of food-supply for military purposes is of the highest importance. Already several foreign Governments have been negotiating with the Bovril Company for the supply of concentrated foods, while our own naval and military authorities have made numerous experimental trials with the ration cartridges of various kinds which contain desiccated meats, albuminoids, and extractives, potatoes and other vegetables, pea-flour, bacon, &c. The opinions of high military and naval authorities as to the invaluable character of these rations are, without exception, most gratifying and flattering.

Everything is gained by the adoption of Bovril and its various forms of rations. The soldier who carries ordinary vegetables is not aware that he is burdened with an extra weight of water amounting to 95 per cent.! If he carries lean beef he will be astonished to know that here, again, there is from 75 to 80 per cent. of water; whereas all the constituents of the Bovril rations have the inestimable advantage of being

water-free, and of containing absolutely nothing that is not directly capable of building and repairing the tissues of the body or furnishing energy to keep it warm and to do its work.

In the preparation of these army rations due regard is paid to the physical and climatic requirements of the troops. A soldier who is marching twenty miles a day must have a certain quantity of food containing the necessary potential energy. Of course, if he is marching only ten miles a day he requires a proportionately less amount of such food.

The majority of the Governments now use compressed beef; but the theory of this ordinary compression is misleading, and for this reason: to compress beef it has to be put into pickle for a fortnight, which expels from it not only the soluble salts but the soluble albumen. The beef is then boiled, and its juices are further lost in the water and still further in the compression into tins. The result is a product difficult of digestion and assimilation, and liable to produce scurvy—but by the Bovril Company's special processes the water only is removed, and that by evaporation at a temperature below the coagulating point of albumen. By these Bovril processes, which are numerous and complicated, 90 per cent. of water is, as we have said, taken away from vegetables and 75 to 80 per cent. from beef. Thus we get digestible nourishment, pure and simple, minus the water, which can be added when required for use, and that is the theory of compression adopted in the case of the Bovril special foods. Little wonder, then, that the military expert of to-day is interested in these *multum in pars* rations.

There is another important point to be mentioned in connection with extract, or rather extracts, of beef. Wherever they are made they vary in taste. That, one will have a burnt flavour, a second a bitter or metallic flavour, a third a sweetish flavour, as in the case of the extracts which come from Australia. "We imagine," said Mr. Johnston to the writer, "that we overcome these objectionable pronounced characteristics by using the extract of our own manufacture *plus* the extract from Argentina *plus* the extracts from Australia; and, by combining all together, we get a desirable result *minus* any undesirable peculiarity whatsoever, yet retaining all the good points."

Although the processes employed in the manufacture and preparation of Bovril are, as might be expected, of a somewhat complicated character, it is possible to give the reader a general idea of them within a very brief compass. Before cooking our oxen, Mrs. Glasse sagely tells us, we must catch it; and so it is with the Bovril Company—they must get their oxen before they can make their appetising and valuable products. And they get their splendid oxen in South America and Australia, the majority, we understand, being purchased in the first-mentioned country, which may be aptly termed the Home of the Ox. In those remote parts oxen are absurdly cheap, as well as abnormally splendid animals. They are not cooped-up, stall-fed creatures, but under the most natural and healthy conditions they roam over hundreds of miles of the most luxuriant pasture in the world. Much of the herbage of the South American *campo* or *pampa* is known as "alfalfa," and in this country as "lucerne," and it is in reality clover grass of the best quality. "Alfalfa" is regularly sown and assiduously cultivated, giving no fewer than five or six crops a year. To a population in the Argentine Republic of about four millions there are something like one hundred and fifty million head of cattle and sheep; and *de profus* it may be mentioned that the oxen which are destined to be converted into Bovril are matured cattle four or five years old.

The career of Mr. J. Lawson Johnston, the inventor of Bovril, is a most interesting one, though to detail it even in the most attenuated outline would necessitate much more space than is at our present command. During his early education at Edinburgh he devoted himself to the study of dietetics and the chemistry of food. Subsequently he journeyed through the principal countries of Europe and America, carrying out many experiments with a view to the development of scientific dietetics, the adaptation of special foods to special climatic and physical requirements, and the production of hygienic rations combining a minimum bulk with a maximum force and muscle-forming quality. A year or two after the Homeric struggle between France and Germany in 1870-71, Mr. Johnston went to Canada, commissioned to prepare special rations for victualling the army and forts in France. At that time he was fully aware that all the extracts of meat extant were devoid of nourishment. He had tried pepites, cold-drawn albumens, and high-pressed albumens; but coagulated albumen and fibrine were insoluble, and Liebig himself had declared, *werk et orbit*, that it was apparently impossible to furnish them in a soluble form. That Mr. Johnston eventually succeeded in solving the seemingly insolvable has been shown above. He realised Baron Liebig's desideratum—a combination of the albuminoids with the extractive or stimulating properties of beef, forming a perfect fluid digestible with the least possible expenditure of vital energy. The success of the new albuminised extract throughout Canada was instantaneous. Just at that time the Scott Act (similar to the Maine Liquor Law) came into operation, and a great temperance wave well-nigh submerged Canada. Something was wanted to take the place of intoxicating drinks, and the desired substitute was found in Mr. Johnston's new extract, which eminent physicians not only heartily approved but prescribed. His principal factory at Montreal being destroyed by fire, Mr. Johnston accepted an advantageous offer for his Canadian and American businesses, and returned to this country as a retired man. The new preparation, in an improved form, was now renamed "Bovril." Lord Playfair at once evinced considerable interest in the scientific features of Mr. Johnston's invention, and became ultimately Chairman of the Company formed by Mr. Johnston, who resigned the chairmanship in Lord Playfair's favour, contenting himself with the position he now holds of Vice-chairman. Lord Playfair co-operated with the late Baron Liebig in his scientific researches for many years, and translated his writings into English. It is also a matter of history that a number of scientific expeditions have been fitted out by the Bovril Company, including the Nansen, the Wellman, and the Jackson-Harmsworth enterprise; and that in all the recent campaigns the Bovril productions were found to be of the greatest utility.

Amongst the happiest of Mr. Johnston's inventions are what are known as ration cartridges, containing meat albuminoids and extractives, with desiccated leguminous and farinaceous seeds, bacon, &c. There are two or three kinds of these rations—some in hermetically sealed tins, and others in parchment rolls—and there can be no doubt that they will, sooner or later, be more or less generally adopted for use by all armies, their unique value being obvious. The contents of some of the cartridges are sufficient for two rations; others, contained in a tin with two compartments, consist of a dinner portion and a cocoa portion, the latter being a specially concentrated preparation of cocoa and albumen flakes. The net weight of the dinner portion is from four to five and a half ounces, and of the cocoa portion two-and-a-half ounces. Supplementary to these cartridges, all you want are water and one-and-a-quarter pounds of bread or biscuits. There are, besides, rations for two, three, or four days. The bacon ration is made up of the best Irish bacon freed of its water, bone, and rind, and ready for use with bread or biscuit, knives, forks, plates, condiments, &c., being unnecessary; and we are assured that eight ounces of meat so treated is equal to sixteen ounces of ordinary cured bacon. Then there is the "emergency" ration, with two compartments, one containing meat extractives and albuminoids, and the other a highly concentrated preparation of cocoa and soluble proteins of meat juice. This ration yields four pints of soup and the same of cocoa, or it may be eaten dry. Other specialities which have rapidly leapt into popularity are desiccated potatoes, retaining all the original flavours, dried sweetmeats, and lime-juice nodules, the latter made both as anti-scorbutics and anti-scorbutics, and lime-juice, in a concentrated form, being coated with chocolate. If further evidence were wanted of the superiority of Bovril over all other productions of a similar kind it would be found in the fact of its adoption by our principal hospitals; well-known authorities like Mr. T. W. Nunn, F.R.C.S., Consulting Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital; Mr. Lennox-Browne, Dr. Yorke-Davis, and others prescribing and advising its use in preference to all and every other "food."—Illustrated London News, Nov. 14, 1896.

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THIS Society grants Pensions to the Blind Poor at their own Homes in sums ranging from 10s. to 25s. per month. There are at present upwards of 700 Pensioners residing in various parts of the Kingdom, among whom about £5,000 is annually distributed in pensions, paid monthly, through the agency of 500 Honorary Almoners. Elections take place in May and November in each year. In addition to those elected by the votes of Subscribers, two are added at every election by rotation. Others are nominated from time to time to receive the "Thomas Pocock" and "James Templeton Wood" Memorial Pensions. An approved Candidate of 75 years of age or upwards can receive an immediate Pension upon payment of a donation of THIRTY GUINEAS. To be eligible, applicants must be totally blind, above 21 years of age, of good moral character, and in receipt of an income not exceeding £20 if single, and £30 if married. No distinction is made in regard to sex or creed, nor is the receipt of parish relief a disqualification. Applications must be made on the printed form provided by the Society. Subscribers of 10s. 6d. annually, or Donors of Five Guineas, are entitled to One Vote at every election, and the multiples thereof in proportion. The payment of a Legacy to the Society confers upon each Executor the privilege of one Life Vote for every £25 bequeathed. The yearly Report, containing the rules, accounts, and all information, will be forwarded on application. Contributions will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, or by the Bank of England, or Messrs. Barclay, Bevan & Co.

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Children are admitted on election, by payment till elected, on purchase, on presentation, subject to the life of the donor.

A Cot for all time may be had for £450.

The Charity is in

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There are 30 Beds available for In-Patients constantly occupied.

The undoubted fact that London is trending westward makes it every day more urgent that a large, perfectly constructed, and easily accessible Eye Hospital should be built to meet the imperative and constantly growing needs of the poor who come from all parts of the Metropolis and the United Kingdom.

The accommodation in the present building for both Out- and In-Patients is wholly inadequate to the daily increasing demand for relief. This will necessitate the rebuilding of the Hospital on a New Site, to provide which, and erect thereon an edifice replete with all the modern improvements rendered urgent by the rapid advance in Ophthalmic Science and Surgery, a sum of at least £50,000 will be required.

The Committee urgently appeal for New Annual Subscriptions for maintenance purposes, and they earnestly plead with the Benevolent to enable them to build the much-needed New Hospital.

Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; or to

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Secretary.

THE CLAIMS OF VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

Present controversy on the claims of Voluntary schools has had, at least, two indisputably good results. The public has clearly seen the extent and value of the Church's past services to elementary education : and the Church has learnt to measure her future task, and to take heart for it.

We write on behalf of a district which has claims upon the nation second to none, and in which the educational work of the Church is beset with such special difficulties that men's hearts may easily fail them in its contemplation.

The Diocese of Rochester contains, besides Chatham, Gravesend, &c., the whole area of South London—many miles of squalid tenements, closely packed with poor and struggling workers, far removed from the few districts in the Diocese which are able to give them help.

What the importance of the school is as a social, civic, and religious influence in such a region needs no telling ; and whatever duty the Church has in regard to the schools must be here, at once, most urgent and most difficult.

The record of the past three years is that, under the stimulus of the well-known Circular of the Department, £125,000 has been given and spent by Churchmen in the diocese upon fabrics alone ; and what were, in some cases, dingy, ill-ventilated buildings, have been transformed into bright and wholesome schools.

The task thus laid upon the Church was heavy, because she had been at work educating the poor long before any State aid was given—some cases even in the last century—so the buildings were often antiquated, and that especially in parishes such as those on the river bank, which, because they were the oldest centres of population, had become the poorest.

This heavy work would have been impossible if the Diocesan Board of Education had not been able (besides much indirect aid and encouragement) to make grants which have amounted to £3,583.

Now, as to the future.

We need £1,000 to complete the work of defence and repair, by paying grants, which we have conditionally promised, and relieving managers who have pledged their private resources to architects and builders.

But we would fain also recover lost ground. In the panic after 1870 the Diocese lost about fifty schools (in the last thirteen years she has only lost three). We are inquiring into the condition and present use of these buildings. We hope to recover some of them. It would immensely assist us to do so if a few Churchmen would promise us a definite sum, upon which we could make a proportionate claim for every reopened school.

And then there is new ground. What that means, an hour or so spent in Battersea, Greenwich, Plumstead, and many other districts would quickly and vividly show, by the token of a vast acreage of newly sprung and ever-extending streets. It is not right that, in such neighbourhoods, all the parents should be forced to send their children to the Board schools for lack of Church schools, and it has been proved that many of them prefer Church schools, even where the premises are homely, and they only have tens, where the Board schools have hundreds, of children.

Since 1870, seventy-two new parishes have been formed in the Diocese, but only sixteen have been supplied with Church schools. This is not surprising, seeing that the Church and endowment have had to be provided. Some of the new parishes are now anxious to have schools, and in several cases sites are awaiting us if they can be promptly occupied. But Church schools can only be built in such districts by a large measure of central help and encouragement, and we should be thankful indeed if our Diocesan Board had a sum of £5,000, which it could turn to excellent account, by making loans on new school buildings. We ought to have as much more to make grants, given on condition that treble the amount is raised from other sources.

There is no doubt that we ought to ask to be entrusted with £11,000 for the work of the next five years.

Considering the scale and the importance of the work, is it too large a demand, or larger than the attitude which the Church has taken towards the Government and Parliament in the matter of her schools entitles, or rather bids, us to make ?

Are there not those who have made fortunes by the labours of South Londoners, or by the sale of their land to the speculative builder, who will recognize the debt which they owe, and make the Diocesan Board their almoner ?

Contributions to this work will be gladly received by the Bishop of Rochester ; by the Secretary of the Board, the Rev. A. W. Maplesden, The Church Institute, Upper Tooting ; or by the Westminster Branch of the London and County Bank.

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HUVSHE SOUTHWARK.
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C. E. BROOKE.

Bishop's House, Kennington.

London Diocesan Board of Education.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF

OF THE

CHURCH SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

WE, the undersigned members and supporters of the London Diocesan Board of Education, appeal most earnestly to Churchmen, and to all who value the preservation of Christian Education in our Public Elementary Schools, for funds to enable the Diocesan Board to maintain in efficiency the work in which it has been engaged for more than half a century, and to place that work upon a more permanent financial footing.

We have every reason to expect that, during the coming year, Voluntary schools will receive from the Legislature, in some form or another, the assistance they both need and deserve. We are therefore anxious that the Schools dependent upon the Board for support may be in a position to take the utmost advantage of that relief.

There are many schools in the poorer parts of the Diocese which have long been maintained by the most praiseworthy exertions of Churchmen, in the face of the greatest difficulties and of severe pressure. The Diocesan Board has, from time to time, been compelled to undertake the financial management of twenty-two such schools, with fifty-six departments, and more than 13,000 children on the books, in order to give relief to the local managers, and so prevent their abandonment. The majority of these, and, indeed, of all our Church Schools, are among the most popular and efficient within the London School Board area ; and to lose any of them would be little short of disastrous to the cause of religious education.

It has been carefully estimated that, to meet the present need, a sum of £6,000 is absolutely required. We therefore earnestly commend the London Diocesan Board and its work to the sympathy and liberal support of the Churchpeople of London ; and we would impress upon them that, if liberal assistance is promptly forthcoming, the relief so given will be permanent in its effect.

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